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Katherine Scott

A Memoir and Other
Records

Katherine Scott

A Memoir and Other
Records

BY

G. F. BARBOUR

SECOND IMPRESSION

William Blackwood & Sons Ltd.
Edinburgh and London
1929



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" I think it is a sweet thing that Christ said of my cross,
' Half Mine '—nay, that I and my cross are wholly Christ's."

" Hold fast Christ, but take His Cross and Himself cheer-
fully. Christ and His Cross are not separable in this life,
however they part at heaven's door."

—SAMUEL RUTHERFORD,
Transcribed in K. G. S's Commonplace Book.

" For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own ;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own."
—F. W. FABER.

" I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."
—ST PAUL.

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To
L. H. S.
AND
OTHER COMRADES
AND
FELLOW-WORKERS

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KATHERINE SCOTT'S LIFE

I.

MERTOUN AND HARDEN—1884-1914.

MERTOUN HOUSE, the early home of Katherine Grace Hepburne-Scott, stands close to the river Tweed in one of the fairest, most fruitful, and most historic regions in Scotland. On the same side of the river, two miles higher up, is the beautiful ruin of Dryburgh Abbey, sheltering the grave of Sir Walter Scott, and now also of Lord Haig. Above Dryburgh stands Bemersyde, with its noble outlook upon the farther windings of the Tweed valley and the triple summit of the Eildon Hills. East of Bemersyde and north of Mertoun is the strong far-seen keep of Smailholm ; and close by Smailholm lies the farm of Sandyknowes, to which an ailing child was sent a hundred and forty years ago to gain strength of body from the upland air. There he drank in the lore of Border song and story, which he

afterwards made the common possession not only of his own race, but of all who read the English tongue. A few years later he became closely associated with Mertoun itself—a spacious house, built early in the eighteenth century of that warm and kindly red stone which gives the cliffs on the Tweed beside Dryburgh their character and the Abbey itself much of its charm.

Young Walter Scott's host at Mertoun in the closing years of the century was Hugh Scott of Harden, the head of that branch of the great Scott *gens* to which he himself belonged. They became fast friends ; but it was from the mother and wife of Hugh Scott that their distant kinsman learned most. The former, Lady Diana Scott, daughter of the last Earl of Marchmont, had known in her youth many of the most brilliant figures of the Augustan Age, and, in Lockhart's words, was "the solitary person who could give the author of 'Marmion' personal reminiscences of Pope." The younger lady was the daughter of Count Brühl, Saxon ambassador at the Court of St James, and it was from her that Scott gained his first acquaintance with the poetry of Germany.

Nearly a century later, when Katherine Scott

was a child, the house and its surroundings remained much as Sir Walter had known them. In her youth she became a lover of nature and of poetry; and to these a third and yet stronger influence was added, that of a deeply held evangelical faith, which was as the breath of life to both her parents.

Her great grandfather had established his claim to the Polwarth title, which had been in abeyance; and her father, the eighth Lord Polwarth, was devoted to his home and his farms, and was known far and wide as a breeder of Shorthorn cattle and Border Leicester sheep, and as one who loved the saddle as his Border ancestors had done. In a different sphere he was known as an active and loyal elder of the Church of Scotland. At a time when these qualities too often connoted narrowness of outlook, he was marked out by his broad sympathies. For over forty years he was President of the World Evangelical Alliance; and the Salvation Army, then regarded as an upstart and suspect organisation, had his warm support. It perhaps showed greater courage that he sought to establish bonds of friendship with those branches of the Scottish Kirk which were severed from his own, though

all had sprung from a common root. In 1878, thirty years before negotiations for Union began between the two great Presbyterian Churches, a speech of his pointed the way towards this goal, and Dr Rainy wrote to him soon after, "Such speeches as yours in your Assembly, supported by your known sincerity and large-heartedness, can only do good."

His wife—before her marriage Lady Mary Gordon—was a sister of the present Lord Aberdeen, and granddaughter of Queen Victoria's Prime Minister. She was a woman of devout and gracious spirit, greatly beloved by all who knew her in her own home, but prevented by ill-health, especially in her later years, from going much beyond its doors. When the youngest of a large family of sons and daughters was born on October 19, 1884, she was named Katherine Grace, and the second Christian name was thus explained by her father: "We call her 'Grace' as a name of special thanksgiving for marvellous mercies and answered prayers."

She was known from very early days as a singularly bright and winning child. The photograph of her with her mother, which is here reproduced, gives an impression of her beauty of feature, but



KATIE AND HER MOTHER. 1895.

cannot convey the delicacy and freshness of her look, as it was recalled after her death by a friend who first saw her in London as a child: "Lady Polwarth was on her sofa, and standing by her, but nestling close up to her, was Katie—oh, so pretty, such star-like eyes, and a wild-rose colour in her cheeks, and her hair a little curly on her shoulders. . . . She looked like a lovely little bit of Dresden china." The "wild-rose colour"—a description which occurred spontaneously to more than one who knew her—never left her, even after years of exacting work and much bodily suffering.

Others remember her as a graceful childish figure, flitting in and out of the big old house at Mertoun, or dancing gaily along its passages, singing as she went. Even in childhood she was noted for her sympathy and her interest in the doings of others. Already she lived outside herself, and showed an understanding beyond her years of the feelings of those about her. In one sense she was a lonely child, for the gap of six years between her and the sister who came nearest in her family prevented her from joining in many of the pursuits of the older brothers and sisters. But she had nephews and nieces who were as

near her own age, and her smallness of stature helped to make them think of her as a playmate, and almost a sister. These younger children paid long visits to Mertoun, and especially at New Year did she enjoy their companionship, for it was kept according to old Scottish custom for family gatherings, in which her father's genial warm-hearted nature radiated pleasure around.

The visits most commonly paid by the circle at Mertoun were to their relatives who lived at Dryburgh. In a house which stands almost under the shadow of the ruined Abbey there lived two sisters, Alice and Theresa Baillie, cousins of Lord Polwarth and daughters of Lord Jerviswoode, a Judge of the Court of Session. These ladies showed the most constant kindness to the young folk two miles away ; and after the death of Miss Alice Baillie, her sister continued to the end of Katie's life as one of her most valued friends and correspondents, sharing with her news of their wide circle, interspersed with the racy comment in which the letter-writers of her generation excelled. In a second house close to the Abbey precincts there lived for many years Lady Grisell Baillie with her brothers ' the Admiral ' and ' the Major.' They belonged to an older generation,

and passed away when Katie was still a child ; but the tradition of intense piety mingled with kindly thought for others still pervaded their home. Lady Grisell, Katie's great-aunt, who died in 1891, was herself the youngest of a large family, famed for her beauty in early days, and to the end she kept the charm which passing years cannot impair. So devoted was her work for all within reach of her home that, when Dr A. H. Charteris and his fellow-workers resolved to found an Order of Deaconesses in the Church of Scotland, they asked her to become its first member. For the last year of her life she was the pioneer worker in this new form of service. Her beauty, her love for her Church, and her unremitting service of her fellows, all foreshadowed the character and work of her great-niece.¹

Close to Katie's home was the little Parish Church of Mertoun. Its minister, Rev. Andrew Donald, was for many years the close friend and fellow-worker of Lord and Lady Polwarth, and

¹ A memoir of Lady Grisell Baillie was written by her sister, Katherine, Lady Ashburnham, after whom and Katherine, Lady Balfour of Burleigh, Katherine Scott was named.

his daughter was one of Katie's most constant companions in the games and expeditions which filled the hours spent out of doors. In regard to the education of its daughters, Mertoun House was still ruled by Victorian standards. So Katie never went to school or college; but she was taught for several years by Miss Louise Weinmann, a Swiss lady of unusually wide culture and active mind, who had the invaluable gift of stimulating her pupils to read, think, and observe. Katie's remarkable power of observation, which we shall find later exercised in other fields, was effectively stimulated by the outdoor activities of Mertoun—more effectively, perhaps, than it might have been by a stereotyped school curriculum. A paper on wild birds, written after she grew up, shows how keenly she had followed year by year the comings and goings of the gulls at the nesting season, and of the many water-fowl which frequented the Tweed in summer or winter. In it she tells how she had watched the “quaint sad-looking” herons from the neighbouring heronry, each fishing his own ‘beat’ on the river, and the fierce battle which followed if a strange heron tried to fish

on the water of another. There were flowers, too, in profusion from the early days of the year, when snowdrops and daffodils covered the steep bank between the house and the Tweed with unbroken sheets of bloom, on to the height of summer, when the willow-herb by the river Leader was no less abundant.

As Katie passed from childhood to girlhood, she shared more and more in the occupations of her brothers and sisters. There were animal friends, including a tame hare, to care for. Fishing was a favourite sport, and she wielded a heavy salmon rod on the Tweed, until a friend from Ireland, fearing that she would overtax her powers, gave her one of a weight more suited to her slightness of build. She moved rapidly and lightly—in mind as well as body. Her sense of fun was unfailing, and her quick observation was often turned on the oddities of her fellow-men as well as on the natural objects around. When she was twenty-one, she spent a month with three of her sisters in a small house which they had rented at Dunbar. Their doings were chronicled in a manuscript book, to which two of the elder sisters contributed the illustra-

tions, while the text and the dedication were Katie's :—

“To the visitors who stared,
As if wondering how we fared,
I dedicate this humble little book,
In the hope they will not mind,
When they find we were not blind,
But took in every word and look.”

There were summer months also spent at Harden, the original home of the family, celebrated in Border ballads through the exploits of Auld Wat o' Harden, a picturesque and vigorous, if not always law-abiding, sixteenth-century ancestor. This second home, on the hills above the Borthwick Water twenty miles south-west of Mertoun, is referred to in a brief sketch of her father which Katherine Scott wrote for his great-grandson after his death : “ I can see him lying on his face on the hillside at Harden on a hot summer's day, where the grass was short and the wild thyme thick and sweet, and there he would point out to me all the different kinds of insects to be seen in a little patch of ground only a few inches square—a tiny spider busy spinning its web amongst the clover, a grasshopper on a grass stalk with his queer notched legs all crouched

up ready to 'hop' at the least touch, a lovely little ladybird with her red and black wings sitting on a wild thyme spray, or a busy ant hurrying, scurrying, hither and thither. All things the ordinary person would have passed by or not thought worth stopping to look at ; but he would point out all their ways and how they were made, and draw parables from them. He loved flowers, too, and couldn't bear that any one should pick them just to throw them away. I have often known him stoop and lift withered dusty ones from a road or path where they had been thrown and lay them in the cool of the ditch or hedge. . . .

" His love of dogs and horses was well known. . . . I felt his horses, especially those he rode or drove much, loved him. He absolutely trusted them. Beautiful old ' Jock,' a dark brown horse bred at Mertoun, seemed to know his ways better than any. I remember one November day he was at Jedburgh for a County Council meeting. It was dark when it came to be time for him to start home on the twelve-mile drive, and a thick fog had set in. Friends tried to dissuade him from the long drive, fearing an accident, but he said, ' My horse will take me home.' When he got home, I recall his telling us how, though the

fog was so thick that he couldn't see beyond 'Jock's' tail, yet 'Jock' trotted on up and down hill, round this corner and that, drawing to the side when necessary, and never going wrong, and brought him safe home."

In such an atmosphere of keen appreciation of nature were Katie's powers of observant sympathy drawn out. To love "all things both great and small" was her father's practice as well as his creed; and to these memories of hers may be added an incident remembered by an older sister. The scene was on the hillside above Harden, and the occasion a meeting with "a tramp laddie on the roadside near Blaw-weary, and looking weary and down in the world. 'Where are you going to, my lad?'—more conversation; then the usual help. 'Here's a note to the station-master. He'll give you a ticket to Glasgow where your friends are, and from there you can cross to Ireland to your parents and home again, my boy.' Then, laying his hand on his shoulder, he said, 'Remember your heavenly Father waits for you, and say, "I will arise and go to my Father"—He will receive you, laddie.' And so it ever was—thoughtfulness for man and beast alike—a great loving heart, and one that never rested



1914.

content without leading men and women in trouble to the highest source of aid." These last words well describe Katherine Scott's own life of service.

So the years slipped by, almost as quietly as the Tweed glided under Mertoun Bridge, with little to mark year from year beyond visits and holiday journeys ; and even these were not numerous when judged by present-day standards. During these quiet years the love of the people on her father's estate, which Katherine had begun to draw out in childhood, steadily increased. They loved her for her brightness and the perfect naturalness of her friendship. It is little to say that she was never tempted to patronise or condescend : she always shared the interests of her country friends as spontaneously as she shared those of her brothers and sisters. She approached her fellows, whatever their occupation, on the broad ground of a common humanity—simply, directly, with no embarrassed sense of social differences to be surmounted. Her mother more and more handed over to Katherine the duties which she had formerly discharged in the Parish, and in particular the Mothers' Union which she had founded ; and Katherine took these up and

organised classes and other enterprises in the village in a spirit which won confidence and affection on all sides.

To the Church of her fathers she gave her fullest loyalty. In addition to the services in Mertoun Church, there were evening gatherings in the spacious hall of Mertoun House, addressed by Lord Polwarth himself, or by friends with whom he was in close sympathy, such as Dr George Wilson, the much honoured minister of St Michael's, Edinburgh. Lord Polwarth's beautiful and expressive reading of Scripture at these meetings remained long in the memory of those who attended them. On other evenings, too, his daughters enjoyed his reading of scientific books or of poetry.

The depth of Katherine's inner experience and conviction during these years is shown by some sentences in a letter to a niece who had just partaken of her first Communion: "It is a great privilege. I am sure you will always try to be a true follower of Jesus. It just makes all the difference in the world if we have Him or not. Without Him everything is dark and dull, with Him it is all light and sunshine. It may be that we don't like our lessons or something that

we have to do, but if we remember that we are doing it for Him and ask for His help, then it will become a joy to us. I have found it so, dear Helen, and may you too. We must not only serve Him in our hearts, but in everything we do and say we must let others see that we are His."

With the same young companion she went to a Girls' Summer School at Dollar, where, as on similar occasions later, she took her full share in the fun that filled the intervals of discussion, and in her capacity as 'housemother' was much chaffed on her look of extreme youthfulness. At another Summer School at Shandon in 1912 she led a group in a short course of studies in the character of our Lord, advising her companions to reflect on different aspects of His character one by one, that so they might better understand and follow its perfection. She chose especially the qualities of steadfastness, gentleness, and courage, all of which she herself showed in increasing brightness as the years passed.

From time to time she copied quotations which had appealed to her into a small commonplace book which she received on her twenty-third birthday. The track of a human spirit may often

be traced by noting the sayings of earlier pilgrims in which guidance and help are found. The quotations in this little book fall in the main into two classes: its owner's love for the Border country finds expression in poems by Will Ogilvy, and her sense of inner discipline in such sentences as those from Rutherford's 'Letters' which stand at the beginning of this volume. There is a certain unexpectedness in finding that the thoughts of one who showed so spontaneous a gaiety of spirit turned so much towards the sharing of the Cross. Yet she already had an experience, real, though seldom allowed to appear, of the sterner discipline of the soul. She had already learned that the Cross must be 'taken cheerfully.'

She was acutely conscious of the need for Christian work in the wider fields of life, and her longing to be up and doing came in conflict with the claims of home. To the tension caused by this personal difficulty there was added a trial which she shared with her family—their departure from Mertoun early in 1912, when it had become apparent that the only way of escape from accumulated financial difficulties was through the sale of their chief home and family heirlooms. Their interests and affections were so deeply

rooted that the trial of leaving was not light, especially when Lord Polwarth's children saw his buoyant spirit weighted by the grief of giving up many of the interests which had filled a long life.

For Katherine the disappointment followed a period of ill-health, during which she suffered much from neuritis, and spent some months at San Remo in the hope of throwing it off. The sunshine and the grand coast-line of the Italian Riviera were not the only attractions of her time there. New friendships were formed, and as her health improved she threw herself into the tasks of helping to nurse and to cheer her older companions and starting a study circle among the younger. The lighter hours of this Italian winter are recorded in a series of photographs of a 'Struwwelpeter entertainment' in aid of a local charity, to which she brought her unfailing inventiveness, and in which she figured as 'the long-legged scissors man' with paste-board scissors a yard and a half long. Whether at home or abroad, she more and more found opportunities of helping friends, old or new, who stood in need.

Of the thoughtfulness, and still more the

thoroughness, with which such help was given, an instance occurred during a holiday at Cromer in 1914. She there came to know a young woman who not long before had begun her training as a probationer in a great London hospital, and who had there fallen a victim to an obscure disease and had been brought home partially paralysed. The doctors who attended her gave little hope of recovery; but Katherine Scott was not so easily daunted. Where others would have been content to show a passing sympathy or suggest palliatives only, she set out to discover if a cure was really impossible. First she learned, from a medical friend, that there was one specialist in London who had treated such cases successfully. It was, however, clear that such treatment was quite beyond the resources of the girl's family; so, from among her own friends who were gathered in Cromer on holiday, Katherine raised a sum large enough to cover all the expenses of placing the patient under the specialist's care. When the time came, she travelled with the girl to London, never leaving her till she was safe in the nursing home. The treatment was successful, and the girl looked on her helper as having done little less than bring her back from the dead.

She worked two beautiful tea-cloths as an expression of her gratitude, which were afterwards among Katherine Scott's most valued possessions.

Early in 1914 Lady Polwarth died. The loss to her children was great, but the breaking of this close tie made it easier for her youngest daughter to take up independent work, though she had already spent some months assisting at the Headquarters of the Young Women's Christian Association in London. She was now in her thirtieth year, and till this point had had no formal training in any branch of social work; but her whole life had been a training—in great part, perhaps, unconscious,—and when the call came she was ready, her mind quick and exact, her will disciplined, 'her soul well-knit.' The call and the opportunity came to her, as to so many others, with the outbreak of war.

II.

HAWICK—1914-1921.

IN July 1914 Katherine Scott was again at Harden, living with her father. The old house, boldly placed on the very edge of a short but precipitous glen, and looking far out over the hills which divide upper Teviotdale from Liddesdale and the English Border, seems far withdrawn from the rush of civilisation. But, in fact, it is less than five miles distant from Hawick, one of the busiest towns of southern Scotland, which, with its 16,000 inhabitants and its many woollen and hosiery mills, sends its products to all parts of the English-speaking world. Its inhabitants, like those of the other Border burghs, are proud of the traditions of their town, and their local patriotism finds its great expression in the annual 'Common Riding.' To this busy scene Katherine Scott was drawn in the first

days of the war, when she was asked to act as Honorary Secretary of the Hawick Branch of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association—a post which she held till August 1916.

From the first she won the confidence alike of the burgh officials and of fellow-workers drawn from the Churches and other voluntary organisations, as her tact and fineness of sympathy won the hearts of the women upon whom fell the burden of loneliness, and in countless cases of bereavement. At first she found it possible to carry on her work by driving frequently from Harden to Hawick and back. But as it expanded, and still more as she saw fresh needs to be met, and began to devise ways of meeting them, it became clear that she must be close at hand. So she moved into Hawick, which became her home for the next six years. For about eight months she lived in the Parish Manse with Rev. Dr David Cathels and his wife; for a time she was in rooms with her teacher of fifteen years earlier, Miss Weinmann, who had returned to Scotland; and finally she and her sister Lilius bought a house with a small garden in West Stewartfield, a quiet terrace on the north side of Hawick from which the Town Hall, where her

office was, could be quickly reached. The association of the two sisters was thereafter unbroken for more than ten years ; and it would be hard to estimate what Katherine owed to her sister's constant watchfulness and perfect sympathy in the work which lay near to the heart of both.

The friendship of Dr and Mrs Cathels, and their steady interest in her work, formed another invaluable support. He was an ideal parish minister in his bigness of heart and his intimate knowledge of and interest in his large flock. It gave great pleasure to Katherine Scott, as to hundreds of others in Hawick, when, in 1924, the Church of Scotland called him to the Moderator's chair ; and there was widespread grief when his health sank under the heavy strain of a Moderator's duties, and he passed away the following spring.

From the beginning of the war Hawick became an important military centre. The permanent camp at Stobs, situated high up on the bleak hills a few miles to the south, was crowded with men in training, who naturally found their way into the one town within reach whenever they had time to spare. There were also battalions billeted from time to time in Hawick itself.

Katherine Scott's quick eye soon perceived a service—prosaic, but very real—which could be rendered to the men. A soldier's washing is apt to be a problem, and the more so the farther he finds himself from home. So she set herself to organise a laundry to which the men could send soiled clothes, and have them not only washed but mended, or even replaced. There was a further advantage in this scheme, since it provided employment for a number of soldiers' wives whose responsibilities outran their resources at this early period of the war. Miss Mair, sister of one of the ministers in Hawick, undertook the detailed management of the laundry; and she has set down these notes on the enterprise: "It was a task involving many difficulties. In the end the work would have been abandoned, had it not been for Miss Scott's initiative and resource in renting part of a mill where the work was carried on until it was no longer required. Under her direction, also, work parties from the Churches of every denomination gave their services in mending the men's clothes, and any surplus funds from the laundry were used in replacing garments which were beyond repair.

"It was an inspiration to work along with

her. She was ready to share any task, however humble. Her invincible cheerfulness was never clouded by the disappointments incidental to the work. During these dark years her slight figure was familiar in the streets of Hawick, as she moved quietly amongst the people, bringing help and comfort to those in need. Her gentle sympathy left a ray of sunshine wherever she went. Her organising and administrative gifts, her fearless courage, her heroic self-sacrifice will live in the memory of those who knew her work in Hawick, and I shall always count it a benediction that I came to know in friendship and co-operation a spirit so truly noble."

The institution of the laundry and other services to the troops drew from the colonel commanding the 2/5th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, in July 1915, a very hearty letter of thanks, in which, on behalf of the officers and all ranks, he expressed their great indebtedness to Katherine Scott and her fellow-workers for great help and kindness during the five months which the battalion had spent in the burgh.

At once more difficult and more important, as touching more vital issues, was her work in connection with Women Patrols. The Govern-

ment, in September 1914, authorised the National Council of Women to organise these, working part-time under the approval of the police authorities. The influx of soldiers into a community in large numbers, and in the midst of the tension and excitement of war, had created an unfamiliar situation with grave elements of moral danger; nor did the need for guidance and warning lie on one side alone. Sometimes it was the girl who needed protection from the soldier; sometimes the soldier from women of the less reputable type; more often, it might be true to say, both needed protection from their own inexperience amid the breaking down of accustomed restraints and conventions. Katherine Scott had before the war shown that she possessed a rare combination of sympathy and firmness in leading girls who had fallen into moral difficulties back towards self-respect and hope; and this power was now called into daily use, as she went forth with a companion on her difficult mission. Miss Weinmann tells how "night after night, on cold winter evenings, she would start out into the dark lanes and side streets to look for girls who were hiding there with soldiers"; and describes how

earnestly she would reason with the girls, inducing them to return with her to their homes, and how great was her power for good over women who were under the influence of drink. If she saw a young soldier in such company she would go fearlessly up to the group and, quietly reasoning with the women, persuade them to let the soldier go.

Her own success in this extraordinarily exacting work led to her being asked for help by not a few who were grappling with the same difficulties elsewhere; and she gave considerable time to visiting other centres in the south of Scotland to speak on the work of Women Patrols. Wherever she went on this errand she gave the most practical and valuable advice out of her own experience. The experience gained of the value of Women Patrols during the war helped to prepare the way for the permanent establishment of Women Police; thus Katherine Scott's work in this direction had more than a merely passing value.

Her mind was essentially constructive, and she was never content merely to warn her fellows from dangerous ground, if it were possible to point out a better path, and to provide healthier interests. So she launched in Hawick a Girls'

Patriotic Club which met one night a week. She herself led in prayer at the opening and close each evening, and the hours between were occupied by games and instruction in useful handwork. Miss Weinmann tells how she would find time for quiet talks with the more difficult girls, and of the improvement in their character and behaviour which followed. "Not only did Katie see them once a week at the club, but she visited them at their homes, and thus got into touch with their families. On summer evenings she took them for long walks into the country, thus awakening in them the love of nature. It was a pretty sight to see her surrounded by the crowd of eager faces, each listening attentively to the teaching of their dear 'Lady Katherine' as they called her. Each of these girls seemed to feel that she was loved and helped individually."

All these efforts, initiated and developed within a few months, might well have taxed a frame far stronger than Katherine Scott's. But her work for soldiers' families also grew, not gradually and steadily but with a sudden tragic leap forward, in the summer of 1915. The 1/4th King's Own Scottish Borderers, the local Territorial Battalion,

formed part of the Gallipoli force, and was engaged in the perilous landing at X Beach at the end of April. But it was on July 12th that they suffered the most crushing blow of fate. On that morning they advanced to the attack ; and " nothing more was ever seen or heard of the gallant Lieut.-Colonel J. M'Neile, his adjutant, five of his officers, and 262 of his men." ¹ One of the few survivors of this fatal day relates that they went into action over 700 strong, but only seventy-four answered the roll-call two days later. It is probable that nearly 200 of the killed and wounded belonged to Hawick ; and when the full extent of the catastrophe became known, the whole town was plunged in mourning. At a stroke the burden of caring for the widows and orphaned children of those known to have fallen, and of the still larger number of missing, became far heavier than it was before ; and no one in the stricken community bore a larger share of it than Katherine Scott.

Both this side of her work and that of the Women Patrols brought her into close touch with the Burgh Police and the work of the Police

¹ Lieut.-Colonel R. R. Thompson, ' The Fifty-second (Lowland) Division, 1914-1918.'

Court. So began informally the activity in which her very highest gifts of personality and character shone out, and which was only extended during the later years which she spent as Police Court sister in Edinburgh. Of this early period at Hawick Miss Weinmann wrote: "In the Police Court Katie's influence was most helpful to the women and girls who were brought in. I have seen her with boy and girl prisoners; her behaviour was cheerful, firm, yet very kind and gracious. They instinctively turned to her for help and advice. Because she had the faculty of entering thoroughly into the situation of those who needed her help and putting herself into their place, she was able to do so much for them. The strongest point was her intense love and pity and longing to help. While out for walks she would constantly plan new ways of reaching certain difficult characters, leaving no stone unturned to meet the desired end. Of course she often met with disappointment, but was always hopeful and even cheerful."

Her co-operation with the police in many of the most difficult portions of their work soon brought about a complete mutual confidence; nor was there any more prominent feature of

her life-work than her friendship with the members of the Force, and their entire reliance on her accuracy in matters of fact, as well as her self-sacrifice and her genius for dealing with children and girls. No emergency, even the smallest, found her unprepared. A lost child, just able to walk, was brought into the Police Station, and promptly passed on to her office close by. She had a rug brought into the bare room, and soon her visitor was seated on it playing contentedly, while she went on with her writing till the careless mother appeared some hours after to reclaim it. When dealing with less youthful and innocent types of human nature, she proved her remarkable aptitude in unravelling complex cases, and exposing the humbugs who flourished in war time; and in her work as Secretary of the War Pensions Committee from August 1916 onward, she showed many of the qualities of an acute detective. Here, as later in Edinburgh, those whose business it was to trace the devious courses of crime were astonished by her quickness of observation and her almost unerring power of rapid inference and of reading character.

When she left Hawick, Chief Constable Thom wrote: "Miss Scott has been intimately known

to me for the past six years, and during that time she has been associated with every movement for the social welfare of the people in this town, in all of which she has shown insight, assiduity, and capability, and again and again she has rendered valuable service to the community. I have also personally, in many ways, been indebted for her assistance. Miss Scott organised and commanded the Women Police Patrols in this town, a body which did most excellent service during the war, when thousands of soldiers were stationed in the town and district. She has also rendered me valuable service when dealing with the unfortunates who have to pass through my hands, and by her kind interest in such cases she has been the means of reclaiming many as respectable members of society."

This last-named and noblest portion of her work in Hawick involved occasional journeys to the neighbouring town of Jedburgh in order to be present at the County Court, when girls or women in whom she was interested were brought up for trial. The strain of this duty must have been great indeed to one of her naturally sensitive temperament; but she never flinched from such tasks, and through her intense faith turned them

into opportunities of reconciliation and redemption. She has left a record—in some ways like those of her later experiences which are reproduced in this volume—of one girl whom she was asked to see late one evening, when her strength was already overtaxed, and the days ahead were fully planned out with urgent work. But this case, of a country girl who had found employment in Hawick as a factory hand, and was now under arrest on a grave charge, was more urgent still ; and time was somehow found to pay several visits to the stricken and dazed girl in the local Police cells, and to stand beside her first in the local, and then in the County, Court. On the latter occasion the father, a bent and frail old man, happened to be in the town and asked to see Katherine Scott, who thus described their meeting :

“As the sorrowful story of his daughter’s crime was told him he sobbed and sobbed like a little child. . . . ‘I may have been ower proud and maybe harsh-like tae her, but wae’s me that this should hae happened,’ was his oft-repeated wail of grief. He seized my hands in his hard old ones and wrung them with all the fervour he could muster, thanking me again and again for having ‘stood by’ his lassie. I asked

him to see her, but he wouldn't hear of it until I said, 'Didn't he feel that love was the one thing that could help to lift her up, the love of her friends and the unfailing Love of God? If he refused to have anything to do with her whom would she have to turn to; and, if cast adrift, wouldn't she be bound to go yet further into that abyss into which she was already fast descending?' 'I'll see her, and I'll show her she's aye my bairn'; and down to the cells he went. Since then letters have frequently come and gone between father and daughter, and she writes to me that, curious though it may seem, this sorrow seems to have drawn her and her own people nearer together than ever before." Through the merciful working of the Probation system the girl was saved from a long term of imprisonment; but the chief instrument which set her steps on the upward path was the loving wisdom of this true friend, which thawed the frozen well-springs of a father's love, and so opened a channel for that Love of the Divine Father, in which she herself so intensely believed.

Much of what has been recorded in the foregoing pages applies to the later as fully as to the

earlier part of Katherine Scott's work in Hawick ; for the break when she passed on from the Secretaryship of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association to that of the newly-constituted War Pensions Committee was apparent rather than real. Conditions, indeed, were changing at this mid-point of the war (August 1916), as they changed again at the Armistice. The number of soldiers in training at home diminished as ever-increasing drafts went overseas ; and to that extent the most urgent need for Women Patrol work, and the opportunity of direct service to the troops, grew less ; but many of the moral and social problems of an industrial community in war-time remained, and that of caring for the widows and orphans of those who fell continued to increase, as did the need of the disabled.

The War Pension Committee consisted, for the first two years, of sixteen members representing the Town Council, Parish Council, Trades Council, the chief employers, and other bodies, as well as the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association, with which Katherine Scott thus maintained her connection.¹ The duties were varied and complex, ranging from the raising and

¹ See footnote on page 37.

distribution of voluntary funds to the provision of educational facilities, and from the tracing of missing draft books to that of missing relatives. Temporary allowances and emergency and special grants had often to be arranged for. "An inquiry-room was provided where inquirers were interviewed most carefully and sympathetically, and their whole circumstances noted and considered with the most sincere endeavour to give help, advice, and encouragement in every case. Miss Scott was most untiring and self-denying right through the whole of her arduous and often very trying work." ¹

For nearly two years she bore the whole burden of the work, apart from clerical assistance in the office. At first the weekly number of interviews averaged about twenty-five and the letters thirty-five; but by the end of a year the interviews had risen to over 100 a week (2552 for the complete year), and the correspondence had also largely increased, so in 1918 an Assistant Investigation Officer was appointed. After the

¹ These sentences, and the facts in the following paragraph, are taken from a Memorandum by Mr John R. Purdom, Town Clerk of Hawick, one of Miss Scott's most constant friends and allies in the Burgh.

Armistice Katherine Scott was impressed by the need for electrical and massage treatment among the disabled and partially disabled men whom it was her task to help, and she threw herself into the work of providing a special clinic. Orthopædic equipment was provided, chiefly by voluntary subscription, and a room secured. To secure the electrical power was a harder matter, for, while the local electric company were prepared to instal the necessary fittings at a small cost, the Office of Works came on the scene, and weeks of valuable time were lost before the difficulties which they raised were surmounted. Finally, the clinic was ready—the first of its kind in the south of Scotland,—a skilled operator, Miss M'Guffie, was placed in charge, and many cases were successfully treated.

Katherine Scott's power of sympathy stood her in good stead through all the phases of her life-work, but it found special scope in her work for disabled men. On one occasion a disabled man came in with one leg amputated and no artificial limb. Pity for the man was reinforced by the sense of the disgrace that rested on the nation so long as those who had sacrificed so much were left in this unfortunate case; and

she did not rest until the need was met and the stain removed. One Sunday afternoon, late in the war, a proof was given of the gratitude which her help drew out. The door-bell rang at West Stewartfield, and her sister Grisell (Mrs Arthur Sutton) went to the door in a somewhat severe mood, prepared to deal summarily with any interruption of Katherine's much-needed hour of Sunday rest. She was, however, quickly and completely disarmed, when she found a disabled man who had come to show with pride the wheeled chair which had just been provided for his use. "Ye ken," he said, "she's just like a sister to us all." So, rest or no rest, 'Lady Katherine' had to be summoned to witness his pleasure and receive his thanks.

The burden of work which rested on her shoulders throughout the war was such that only the greatest method in detail enabled her to cope with it efficiently. And she was nothing if not efficient. Except for the short time which she spent with the Y.W.C.A. in London, she had received no office or business training of any kind. Yet her office work was always in hand and in order. Even friends who had long known her qualities of devotion and sympathy were scarcely

prepared for the business grasp which she showed. Early in 1918 Lieut.-Colonel Haddon, Secretary of the Territorial Force Association of the Counties of Roxburgh, Berwick, and Selkirk, wrote: "I can testify to the clear understanding she has always shown of the many complicated regulations and instructions under which she has worked." Three years later when her work for the War Pensions Committee ended, one of the letters which she received from those at the head of the Ministry of Pensions, Scottish District, emphasised her capability as a business woman, while another contained the following tribute: "I have always felt that one's dealings with Hawick have been particularly pleasant, and I have known that for that we have to thank the Secretary whose keenness has kept the work up to the mark, and whose tact has avoided so many difficulties which arise elsewhere."

Happily there were intervals of recreation. Lord Polwarth had married again, and he and his wife took a keen interest in Katherine's many activities. From time to time the car from Harden would come to carry her off for a few hours by the Tweed, or among the Border hills. On one of these rare holidays she announced,

“No work in the office to-day.” Three fishing-rods were produced and placed in the car, along with a picnic lunch, and she and her two assistants sped away to spend a long day fishing up a hill burn.

An invaluable gift which Katherine Scott showed increasingly during her years in Hawick was that of drawing men and women of different parties and creeds together, and securing their co-operation in a common cause. Her love for her fellows provided a bridge over many a chasm. This was shown at the funeral of a Roman Catholic woman whom she had tried hard to protect from a worthless husband, when she persuaded Dr Cathels and the Roman Catholic Father to come to the cemetery together, and formed a third in the carriage which took them to the gate. Her sense of the humours as well as the frailties of our common human nature, and still more her intense consciousness of the urgent work awaiting all the Churches, made narrowly sectarian feelings shrivel up in her presence.

Nor can her enthusiasm in the Temperance cause pass without record. She had come so constantly up against the tragedies in which

drink was a main factor, that she looked on it as one of the greatest enemies of all worthy life in Scotland. When the Temperance Act came into force in 1920 she and her sister threw themselves vigorously into the campaign for No-License in Hawick, and it was an acute disappointment when No-Change was carried by an unexpectedly large majority. In an address to a Temperance Society four years later, she gave several instances from her own experience of the ruin caused by alcohol, and appealed to her hearers to do all in their power to further the cause of Temperance by force of example, by encouraging those who were fighting against the drink habit—"there is no use in condemning, we want to strengthen,"—and most of all by prayer. "Prayer alone," she quoted, "can change public opinion;" and added: "That is what we want to do. May each one of us set ourselves to do this, remembering that we can do nothing in our own strength, but can do all things through Christ."

During these strenuous years in Hawick, and the no less crowded years that followed in Edinburgh, Katherine Scott never lost touch with her now widely scattered brothers and sisters. In

every family there is one who in an especial degree acts as a link between all the rest ; and after her father's death, in the summer of 1920, she increasingly played this part. By a jealous economy of her time she was able to act as ' the family news-giver,' corresponding with them all, even when her own work was most exacting ; and they all leaned on the loyalty and sympathy, as they trusted the judgment, of their youngest sister.

Her power of making and keeping friends was one source of her strength, and another quality which helped her through arduous times is indicated in a fragment found among her papers, without date or title :—

“ It was one of those bitterly cold days early in the year when the rain lashes down in fury, swept this way and that by the east wind, when the sky is leaden grey, and when everything around one seems to speak of sorrow and bitterness and strife, a day when the gloom and cold seem to enter one's very heart and to leave one dull and saddened.

“ My duties took me visiting in the part of the factory town where I was working which was always gloomy, and to-day looked more so than

usual. Long rows of houses, all the same, of grey stone and grey slates ; muddy badly-kept streets with huge pools of water into which I splashed at intervals, because the street lamps were shedding an even worse light than usual as they flickered in the gusts of wind. As I paid first one visit and then another, life seemed to get more depressing. An ill man visited was worse, and his old mother inconsolable ; a little girl whose parents ill-treated her looked more miserable than usual, and the parents seemed a degree more callous than hitherto ; a woman who had promised to give up the drink had 'taken a glass.' It all seemed black, and I wondered what use it was going on ; was everything to be like this in spite of all one did ? The very gloom and chill of the atmosphere seemed to enter my soul, and I felt it was useless ; not a ray of light came to cheer me. Ugh ! a cold shower of water shot down my neck as I left the last house.

" I gathered my coat yet closer round me and once more set out in the storm and ever gathering gloom, and then suddenly in the darkness I became aware of a delightful sight. Under a street lamp, behind which was a large wooden hoarding covered with posters, on the muddy

pavement amongst the puddles of rain, was a small girl. Very slim in build, with fair tumbled hair blowing in the wind, poorly clad, in ragged stockings falling down her legs, over boots all down at the heels, and with a scanty little frock of some drab material clinging all wet to her body, she danced as if inspired! I drew into a doorway and watched. She picked up her shabby little skirt in her thin, grubby, little hands; she flung out her feet and legs first in one direction and then in another. She let the skirt fall, she flung her hands above her head, she whirled round in circles, she danced this way and that like a being bewitched; and then I realised she was nearly always facing the hoarding, and why? Because her shadow fell on it and she was dancing to her own shadow! On and on she went until at last, apparently tired out, she gave one final bow to her shadow, and with a wave of the hand ran off.

“She had danced the gloom out of my soul. Here was a child, obviously very badly off, with practically none of the so-called ‘pleasures of life.’ Soaking wet and cold, she had so thrown herself into her innocent enjoyment that life had become pure joy to her. Every movement

betrayed it. Her shadow brought her joy—and I wondered, on my way homeward, to how many of us does that happen? ”

It was not for nothing that Katherine Scott traced her descent back through two centuries to the first Lady Grisell Baillie, whose indomitable character and rare charm live in her brave song, “ Werena’ my heart licht, I wad dee.”

III.

EDINBURGH—1921-1926.

It was no easy decision for Katherine Scott and her sister to leave Hawick, where they had formed many close ties. Provost Heron Wilson wrote that her departure was "a public misfortune to the burgh," and many humbler friends expressed their affection in various ways. But the post-war rush of Pensions work was over; the time had come for new administrative arrangements, and she saw the opportunity to take up other tasks which she counted even more important. Her new post was that of Assistant Secretary for Women's Work to the Social Work Committee of the Church of Scotland, and Police Court Sister; but it was in the latter direction that, as time went on, her work chiefly developed. She valued the position both because her heart was so deeply engaged in the work of Prevention

and Rescue, and because she now entered the direct service of her Church. When her brother Henry heard of the appointment, he wrote from Kenya, "I know it's a fine work, and whatever *you* undertake will have the *big* spirit infused into it."

The Social Work of the Church of Scotland had its ultimate origin in the wide ideal of the Church's duty which ran through the ministries of Chalmers and Norman Macleod, and which, after a time of slumber, was reawakened by Dr Archibald Charteris and other pioneer workers of fifty years ago. But it received a new impulse from another leader in the endeavour to re-interpret the social mission of the Church—Dr James Paton of Glasgow, the first Convener of the Social Work Committee. He was succeeded by Katherine Scott's eldest brother, then the Master of Polwarth, who, during a long convener-ship, extending both before and after the war, developed the Committee's activities in many directions. The opportunity of working along with him was an additional inducement to her to come to Edinburgh in the summer of 1921.

The variety of the Committee's schemes may be seen by simply enumerating those in operation

when she joined the staff. For men and boys there were eight Labour Homes and other institutions in town and country. On the women's side, where her interests more directly lay, there were eight Hostels for girls earning their own living in the larger towns, and a Labour Bureau in Edinburgh, dealing at that time with over 3000 applications for work in the year. There was a Maternity Home in Glasgow, a Rescue Home at Paisley, and a Home at Haddington to which girls were sent for training in laundry and other forms of domestic work, and where they could live in surroundings healthy for mind and body. There was added not long after another Girls' Home at Loanhead, near Edinburgh, in the founding and development of which Katherine Scott played a large part.

As Police Court Sister she succeeded Miss Mary Hill, who had carried on this work with devotion and success for thirteen years. In order to assist in befriending girls who were stranded in Edinburgh, or who needed to be removed at once from positions of moral danger, the Committee had provided a flat in Atholl Place, where they could spend one or more nights until arrangements were made for their welfare. This flat had

been occupied by Miss Hill, and some five or six girls were given lodgings there each month. This arrangement ceased in September 1921, when Katherine Scott and her sister took up their residence there. The position on a busy thoroughfare, with an ever-increasing volume and roar of heavy traffic passing the windows, was, however, a serious disadvantage; and in the interest of quiet and health they procured, two years later, a double flat—28 St Bernard's Crescent—in a less noisy situation near the Water of Leith. This was their home henceforth; and a room was set aside for Katherine Scott's work, to which girls and women often came for advice and guidance. So this also proved a place of refuge to many perplexed wanderers in the perilous by-ways of the city.

The Social Work Committee of the Church of Scotland had set its hand to tasks which were not being directly attempted by other Churches in Scotland; yet Katherine Scott's work in Edinburgh naturally interlocked with that of several societies which had been founded for the protection of women and children.¹ With these

¹ The complete list of the bodies with which Katherine Scott co-operated in the course of her work in Edinburgh

organisations her co-operation was close and frequent, and she won the confidence of her fellow-workers in no ordinary degree. But inevitably the body with which she acted most constantly was the Police Force of the City. For this co-operation her years in Hawick had provided an admirable preparation; but in Edinburgh the volume of Police Court work in which she had a share was many times larger, and she had now a place of special responsibility as a recognised Police Court Sister and Probation Officer, the appointment to the last-named duty resting with the City Magistrates.

She was not, it need hardly be said, the only social worker who attended the Police Court regularly. Others were present, such as the Court Missionary, a representative of the *Mars* Training Ship for boys, a Sister from the Roman Catholic Church, and an officer of the Salvation Army. But,

would be a long one. But the following societies and workers may be specially mentioned: the Council of Juvenile Organisations, the Edinburgh Council of Social Service, the Women Police, the Howard League, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Edinburgh Vigilance Association, the Home for Mothers and Infants (Claremont Park), the St Margaret's Rescue Shelter (Dean Terrace), and the Child Welfare Organisation. Even this incomplete catalogue shows how widely her work ramified.

when the Court had to deal daily with cases numbering from twenty to seventy, the share of work which fell to the representative of the Church of Scotland was a large one ; and her work extended also to the Burgh Court, a historic Court which deals with crimes committed within the ancient City of Edinburgh. For the first two years Katherine Scott worked alone or with temporary assistants, but in 1923 Miss C. G. Haldane was appointed as a second regular Police Court Sister, and thereafter worked constantly alongside of ' the Chief ' whom, only three years later, she was called to succeed. As the number of girls and women requiring help increased, others were called in to help from time to time.

The method followed was that, by permission of the Magistrates, Katherine Scott or one of her assistants interviewed female offenders before they appeared in Court. She obtained all the available information from the offender, the Police officers, and the offender's relatives if any were present, reporting to the Magistrate, and often recommending that the offender should be placed on probation. If this course was followed by the Magistrate, she again interviewed the offender and made arrangements for a suitable

probation officer, sometimes acting herself, but more often consulting with the Clerk of Court, and in some cases undertaking to suggest a suitable name after consideration and inquiry. In certain cases, when she knew of a lady who was prepared to watch over and befriend a girl during the period of probation, but shrank from the full responsibility of appointment as probation officer, she herself took the latter post while delegating the detailed work to her associate as 'Guardian.' As time went on she gave more and more of her strength to training and organising her fellow-workers, and during her fifth year of work her own name, which had appeared frequently as probation officer at an earlier stage, did not figure in the records of the Police Court in that form. The reason was that she found others to undertake the responsibility under her general direction, for she combined in an unusual degree direct personal influence over women and girls in moral difficulties with the invaluable gift of delegating tasks to others. To work under her was not only to receive an inspiring example in the supreme art of mending broken lives, but also a thorough training in the prosaic craft of record-keeping and in the skilled use of the card index.

Frequently during the progress of a case she formed the opinion that further information was necessary, and the Magistrate agreed to continue the case in order that she might make fuller inquiries than were possible in a hurried interview before the sitting of the Court. When the case was again called, she was ready with information to serve as a guide to the Court. She believed in the advantage of combining the use of probation with a time of residence in an institution when a girl was homeless or home influences were adverse ; and she further held that these should be *Homes*, in which the girl was placed on her honour to remain and carry out a course of training, not places of compulsory detention. Of seventy-two probation cases with which she dealt directly in the course of three years, one-third were placed in Homes, but the total number of Police Court cases passing through her hands was much larger than this. A minority of these girls had committed offences against morals, but theft or similar faults had brought a much larger number into Court. Both classes found the help and guidance they needed in the Rescue Shelter, and afterwards in such Homes for training as those carried on by the Church of Scotland Social Work Committee.

The system of Probation to which Katherine Scott attached so great importance was not a new one. The first probation officer was appointed in Boston, Mass., fifty years ago ; but not until 1905 was a similar appointment made in Glasgow. Two years later "Parliament made provision for supervision by a probation officer under the Probation of Offenders Act, 1907. The Criminal Justice Act, 1925, made the provision of a probation service statutory in England and Wales." ¹ This reform has not yet been applied in Scotland, though the efforts of Lord Ashmore and his associates on the Scottish Magistrates and Justices Association have been steadily directed to this end.

Yet, while Probation in Scotland lacked, as it still lacks, the full statutory support which it has secured in England, the example of Edinburgh shows how much can be accomplished under existing powers. Katherine Scott came to the

¹ The Scottish Committee on Juvenile Delinquency, of which Sheriff Morton, K.C., was Chairman, and Lord Polwarth, Mr C. A. Macpherson, Procurator-Fiscal (Public Prosecutor), Edinburgh, and other fellow-workers of Katherine Scott's were members, issued its Report under the title 'Protection and Training' in the spring of 1928, three months after her death. The quotation is from Section X.

city in 1921, when the probation service was being re-organised. A new method of record and registration and a system of regular quarterly reports by all officers in charge of probationers were being worked out; and her active and accurate intellect fitted her admirably to take a full share in transferring such a scheme from paper into practice. The official estimate of her work as a Probation Officer was recorded in the Report of the Probation Committee to the Magistrates of Edinburgh for the year 1927. It was issued just after her death, and contained this tribute:—

“The passing away of the Hon. Katherine Scott is a deep loss. Her coming into probation work in Edinburgh was coincident with the setting up of the system presently in operation, and until her breakdown she had under her charge perhaps the most difficult cases an officer could possibly tackle. But her restrained sympathetic nature, her smile, and her patience under all sorts of circumstances were at the disposal of her wards and swept obstacles aside. At last, however, the great strain broke her, and she had reluctantly to leave off. All in touch with probation and the Courts recognised her great work and had intense confidence in her judgment.”

One whose work evoked such praise in a dispassionate official document had earned the right to speak with authority on questions of penal reform ; and it was well that, when the Scottish Juvenile Delinquency Committee heard evidence in the beginning of 1926, she was still in Edinburgh and able to appear as a witness. Her evidence dealt in the main with probation, which she considered of more value than a fine, which might be paid by a relative, or an admonition, which might soon be forgotten ; and infinitely better than a sentence of imprisonment, with its invariably lowering effect on the *morale* of a young offender. Because the value of probation lay in the personal contact between the probation officer and the probationer, and depended on the slow steady influence of the former, she urged that the method was useless unless it covered a period of at least a year, and that in some cases three years was not too long. She further urged that in every city or county full-time probation officers should be appointed, under a Supervisor, whose duty it would be to make all preliminary inquiries, and allocate cases to the probation officers, full-time or voluntary, who could best deal with them individually. Her own remark-

able skill in selecting the right person to deal with the individual's needs gave her a strong title to stress this essential point. She further urged that the system should be thorough—that contact should be maintained to the end of the probation period, and public funds provided for the necessary expense. She also contended strongly that probation was useless in the many cases which bordered on the line of mental deficiency; since her own quickness of observation and interest in psychology had convinced her that many of those guilty of sexual offences, or charged with attempted suicide and other grave offences, while not certifiable as 'deficient,' were mentally sub-normal and should be examined by an expert in mental pathology before trial. She advocated much fuller and more specialised inquiry, into both the medical and social aspects of the history of individual offenders, than is usually possible in the routine of Police Court administration.

Many of these recommendations form common ground among those who have taken part in social work of this order, nor need it be claimed that all Katherine Scott's suggestions were original, though all were worked out on the basis of her first-hand experience. Yet it is notable

that the Juvenile Delinquency Committee agreed with all her main contentions when they came to report, and that some have now received the direct endorsement of the Scottish Office.¹

Her intimate knowledge of Hawick had made her mindful of the special needs of the smaller towns of Scotland, which differ in many ways from those of the cities. To meet those needs she devised a scheme for voluntary workers, who should be ready to attend the Police Courts and give help in any case which required it. She hoped that, if such a corps of part-time workers were enrolled, she might keep in touch with them as their adviser, and that such women workers might come to Edinburgh for short courses of training with her. The scheme remained an ideal which she had never the opportunity to work out; but it may yet prove the germ of new developments in the future, when, with an awakened and in-

¹ Compare the following sentence from Scottish Office Circular 2292, dated 16th January 1929: "The Secretary of State agrees with the Committee's view that the Court should have, in all except the most trivial cases, the fullest possible information about the history, home conditions, school record, and medical record of the child or young person, and that the proceedings on a case should be adjourned at any stage if the Court feel that further enquiry, or the production of further particulars, is desirable."

formed public opinion and a legislative advance on the lines already achieved in England, Scotland may take her place in the forefront of probation work and the preventive treatment of crime.

Even in the short period—less than five years—of Katherine Scott's work in Edinburgh, her influence was fast spreading beyond the city, and she received many communications from public officials in various parts of Scotland asking her advice in difficult cases. Nor was her co-operation with the Edinburgh Police limited to her Court work. At all hours, up to and sometimes beyond midnight, the telephone at 28 St Bernard's Crescent would ring, conveying requests for advice and assistance in difficult emergencies. This was always given, at whatever sacrifice of needed rest, and often it was the means of keeping the wanderer out of such trouble as would have led straight to the Courts. What she did for those who found themselves there was summed up in a letter, after her resignation through increasing ill-health, in which Mr William Inglis, the Clerk to the Magistrates, described the attitude of his colleagues and himself: "It was to you they looked to find ways out for those misguided souls who dug holes for themselves, and you never failed in finding

ways out. Whether in all cases they remained out is by the way; they at any rate got their chance." At the same time Superintendent Sangster wrote of "the experience, deftness, and finesse you exhibited in performing your numerous duties"; and Mr Macpherson, after referring to his correspondent's strong common-sense, added: "Certainly but for your help and that of the department over which you presided, such 'justice' as was ministered through the Courts would have been a much more barren and unfeeling thing than it has been." All her official friends acknowledged the stimulus of her keen and questing intellect. She would come in to their offices for consultation, and even more by the questions she asked than by any solutions she propounded, throw new light on problems with which they themselves had been grappling for years.

The confidence which she inspired among her official coadjutors was due both to her power of moral appeal to women and girls in trouble—of which something will be said later,—and also to their knowledge that she never 'let them down' either by inaccuracy of information or by lack of promptness in decision. Her slightness of

frame and her usual gentleness of manner hid from those who did not know her well the quality of highly tempered steel in her will. Her level steady gaze made concealment difficult and frankness the natural response in those who talked with her ; and her quiet voice seemed easily to command obedience. On one occasion a woman on probation had to be sent to a point at a distance from Edinburgh, and was instructed to be at one of the railway stations at a given hour. Katherine Scott was at the rendezvous punctually, but waited in vain till the hour of departure had gone by. She then went straight to the Police Court and found a Magistrate sitting. The Police immediately obtained a warrant, and within a short time the delinquent, to her immense surprise, found herself apprehended and received a severe reprimand for breach of the terms of the probation order. As she went off after this experience of a vigilant and efficient Protestantism she was heard to remark : " I'll be a Catholic next time." Yet such cases were the exception. An Edinburgh Magistrate, writing in 'Life and Work,' the Church of Scotland magazine, on the work of Katherine Scott and her helpers, said : " Very rarely in such cases is the Probation bond broken,

and very rarely do any of the girls appear again in the Police Court. They merge into a higher type of womanhood."

In Hawick Katherine Scott had already shown extraordinary coolness and nerve when threatened with violence by men known to be dangerous characters. In Edinburgh she showed herself equally without fear. At times she had to act as escort to women convicted of serious crimes ; and a harder duty, calling for presence of mind and instant readiness of decision, was that of tracing girls who had disappeared from their homes, and whom she had first to discover and then to bring back from the farmed-out house or other place of danger which had engulfed them. Whether the girl, when found, was willing or unwilling to leave, there were others bent on retaining her by strata-gem or, if that failed, by physical force. The difficulties which stood in the way are vividly described in the story, "The Open Door," which is now reprinted (p. 103) ; and that story, along with its two companion tales, gives so living an impression of Katherine Scott's finest work that no further description need be attempted here. In these expeditions of rescue into the haunts and dens around Leith Street and other unsavoury

parts of Edinburgh, she generally preferred to go unprotected, trusting to her ready wit and the moral authority of her womanhood to carry her through. Sometimes her friends in the Police Force insisted on her taking an escort, but on these occasions it was they who pressed on her the need for protection, not she who asked for it.

An incident which showed her coolness and fearlessness took place as the result of a notorious murder trial. A woman who had been closely implicated in the sordid story had, for her own sake, to be removed as swiftly and quietly as possible; and Katherine Scott was asked to accompany her to London. Special precautions were taken by the Police to prevent any public knowledge of the departure. Once the train had started the situation was easier, though to any ordinary traveller it would have contained elements of discomfort. Yet the friend at whose house in London Katherine Scott spent the night, after conveying her charge safe to her destination, has told how she described the day: "their sharing of their luncheon and their needlework—the intense psychological interest of all she had learned *en route*, and the humorous incidents with which to her all life was fraught."

A Police Court Sister appointed by the Church necessarily acts as a link between organisations working along very different lines and with divergent traditions. In addition to her duties at the Police Court and as a probation officer, she has much to do for her Church ; and one of the chief points of strength in her position is that she can bring those who have been entrusted to her oversight, whether formally or unofficially, by the Magistrates and the Police into contact with permanent religious influences. The girl who has broken loose and is 'a bit wild,' but has not yet been drawn into actual crime ; the wife with a child of two years and the near prospect of another baby, whose husband has just been sentenced to a term of imprisonment ; the girl who has been admonished in Court and desires to return to her country home, but lacks money—such are three of the many types of unfortunate who can be led by the Police Court Sister from the cold justice of the Court to the helpfulness of the Church in action.

But such action must be planned in advance : it cannot be improvised as the individual cases of need arise. So a great part of Katherine Scott's time and strength during her years on the

staff of the Social Work Committee was spent in spreading knowledge of the needs that called aloud to be met and the steps that were being taken by the Church of Scotland to meet them. She longed to see the operations of the Committee extend, but the first step was to make more widely known what was actually being accomplished. So to audiences in the cities and to Women's Guilds in quiet country parishes, from the Tweed to the Dee, she carried her account of the Committee's work for women. Her speaking was most effective, though always quiet and restrained. Her clear voice, used without straining, could be easily heard by any audience of ordinary size. As her laugh possessed an infectious merriment, so her voice had a *timbre* which, alike in serious conversation and in more formal speech, conveyed the sense of deep feeling and unshakeable conviction. These gifts, along with the inherent interest and the not infrequent pathos of her story, held her hearers' interest and made it hard to forget.

Her addresses often began by a double question : What is the work of a Police Court Sister ? and Is it worth while ? She answered both by recounting stories of rescued lives from her own

experience ; and then set forth the varied provision made by the Social Work Committee for those who were down and out or were in danger of becoming so. Then she would define the ideal and method of reform by a favourite quotation, such as, " The greatest thing in the world is a human life : the greatest work in the world is the helpful touch upon that life." " Trying to give helpful touches to lives broken by sin and shame, and endeavouring to hold out helpful hands to those in temptation "—such was her summary of their labours. In addressing mothers, she would dwell on the responsibility of parenthood, and the tremendous importance in these days of keeping alight the flame of love in the home. At times she spoke with emphasis of the duty of parents to give their children such knowledge of the facts of life as would protect them in after days. Her closing appeal usually named three great needs, in ascending order of importance. There was the need for gifts in money or in kind to enable the work to be carried on. There was the greater need for an enlarged sense of responsibility, for the avoidance of harsh judgment, and for personal help. Last and highest was the need for Prayer, and the statement of the one dynamic, *Through Christ*.

There is one address which deserves fuller record. In the course of a visit to Aberdeen in February 1924 she was invited to address the Rotary Club. About a hundred members were present, and the chair was taken by a minister of the Church of Scotland, Rev. A. W. Scudamore Forbes. The topic was an unusual one for a gathering of business men, and the task of the speaker cannot have been easy, however sympathetic the audience. The address began with the questions quoted above, and with a brief account of the work of a Police Court Sister. The speaker then illustrated another side of her work by telling of a girl of seventeen from a town at a distance found wandering and homeless in Edinburgh, and in extreme moral and physical distress, who was entrusted to her care by a friendly policeman. Next she told of the Rescue Shelter, with its doors open to all kinds of cases, and urged that all other large towns should follow the example of Edinburgh in setting up so helpful an agency, and went on to say—

“ In doing this work certain things are borne in upon one specially :—

“ (1) The great importance of having the juvenile offenders dealt with quite apart from the

seniors, away from the curiously sordid atmosphere which seems always to be in a Court ; and I would like to see them dealt with by a Magistrate who has specialised in this work and who is specially adapted for it.¹

“(2) The need for further medical and psychological examination of persons who have committed crimes before sentences are pronounced ; for in cases where this has been possible it has so often been found that some physical or mental defect has really been the cause of the person committing the crime.

“(3) I wish for the further use of the probation system, but would like it clearly understood that the probation officers you want are not stern officials, but those who will endeavour in every way to be real friends and helpers to the probationer.

“I feel there is one connecting link between you and those of us who are trying to carry on Police Court and Rescue Work, and that is that we do try to take for our motto that perfectly splendid one which you have taken for yours—*Service, not Self*. Lastly, I would plead for less

¹ This point is very fully dealt with in the Report on “Protection and Training.”

harshness in the judging of those our brothers and sisters who have committed crimes. It's so easy to criticise, and we are so apt to be harsh in our judgments ; but let us remember that

“The love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.”

With this moving appeal the address ended.

To the list of urgent reforms which Katherine Scott strove to bring before the minds and consciences of her fellow-countrymen one more falls to be added. Like many others she felt keenly the utter inadequacy of the provision in Scotland at the present time for the care of the mentally deficient—an inadequacy which forms a danger too obvious to need lengthy explanation, though measures to remove it are unaccountably delayed. She was especially impressed in the course of her work with this need as regards young women and girls, and also as regards certain distressing cases which do not fall within the ‘mentally deficient’ class. Among her papers there is an account of a child of thirteen who had been the victim of sexual malpractices on the part of an elderly man,

who, when the facts came out, was sentenced to penal servitude. "It was obvious," the note concludes, "the child required careful, skilful handling, and to be removed to new surroundings so as to get her away from bad associations. We arranged for her to go to a Home in England for such cases, where she is doing well. No such Home in Scotland! Why not? The Church cannot realise the need or would surely remedy the defect."

The question often occurred to Katherine Scott's friends how she maintained her courage, and even a certain buoyancy and unconquerable optimism of temper, amid the strain of her work and the dismal surroundings in which much of it was carried on. The main answer lay far beneath the surface of her life, but there were other sources of relief from the tension of the long hours which she spent in the Police Court or the slum tenement. No account of her character would be complete which failed to emphasise her sense of humour. The human comedy appealed to her, whether in the Cowgate and High Street or in the West End; indeed, it was more refreshing in the former because the actors were less self-conscious. In her large and widening circle of relatives, too, she

found many occasions of merriment ; and as her nephews and nieces acquired homes of their own or launched out into responsible work, their 'aged aunt,' who looked no older than they did but insisted with mock seriousness on the respect due to a dignified member of the older generation, became in a new sense their comrade. She was the most welcome of visitors to Humble, the ever-open home of her eldest brother and his wife, within an hour's run of Edinburgh, or to Harden, where her nephew, another Walter Scott, was now installed with his wife and two boys in the home of 'Auld Wat' ; and, while her loyalty to the Borders never wavered, visits to her eldest niece in Perthshire made her familiar with another phase of the varied beauty of Scotland. There were visits, too, to the West Coast—to the home of her friend, Mrs Harvey Bathurst in Kintyre, and to Iona after an illness in the late summer of 1924. No one who spent a summer afternoon with her, whether on the rolling Border hills, on a moor in the Central Highlands when the glow of the heather stretched far on every side, or amid the changing lights of the western sea and mountains, could fail to see how she drank in inward refreshment of spirit from the outer world of nature

which she never ceased to love. She possessed, too, the Wordsworthian gift of dwelling with delight on remembered beauty.

The home of the sisters in St Bernard's Crescent, though it was too definitely linked with her work ever to be a tranquil retreat, was at the same time a centre of other interests. The musical gifts and activities of Lilius Scott were a source of real delight to Katherine. They were attached members of St Cuthbert's Church, and found constant inspiration both in its music and in the preaching and the friendship of Dr Norman Maclean, and later of George Macleod, the young Collegiate minister who joined him in the pastorate. As far as Katherine Scott's exacting work for the Church as a whole allowed, she took part in the congregation's life, and never forgot the task of inspiring the young people of St Cuthbert's with high ideals of the Church's mission.

Such were some of the influences to which she kept her mind open, and so avoided the danger of that too exclusive concentration on a heavy task which dulls the efforts and cramps the character of many devoted workers. Her influence on the girls and young women among whom her work lay was due in large part, as has already been

suggested, to a decision and definiteness of purpose which made them feel that here was no trifler, but one whose quiet and clear voice and habit of looking straight at one betokened an authority which it would be well to obey. But there were other qualities which also counted for much. She was never so busy as to be careless of dress, and the sheer charm of her personality and bearing awakened ideals of womanhood long half forgotten. She was persistent, and not easily turned back. She approached those who had gone wrong without sentiment but with a remarkable sympathy and understanding, not as a censor but as one who understood the force of temptation and so could hold out a firm hand to help. She corresponded with many of her girls after they had passed into ordinary life again ; and her letters to them always ended, " Your friend, Katherine Scott." She was once asked about the training of probation officers, and she answered that the question was very difficult, but went on to state her own ideal, which was not less her own practice : " I think that the main qualification should be a real love for young people and a great desire to uplift and help them in the very highest way. They should be gifted with much tact and wisdom,

and should be able to enter into the amusements and pleasures of the probationers, as well as to take an interest in the work they are employed in."

In talk with her sister, Katherine Scott revealed how thorough and thought-out her own self-training was. Its secret was that which she expressed in simple but most deeply felt words in the address on "Consecration," with which this volume closes. It could be summed up in a single phrase—*complete surrender of the whole personality*. She not only used every gift of her nature, but definitely tried to train and develop each power as far as possible, so as to make these powers of the greatest use in the Master's service. She especially mentioned the following as gifts which are apt to be too little thought of: *Observation, Concentration, Memory, Thoroughness, Orderliness, Self-control*. To these should be added, *Interest in Everything*, and the recognition that nothing is too small to use.

Her conception of the last-named faculty was illustrated by an incident which occurred on her deputation work. She was staying in a home, where the lady of the house told her of difficulties between herself and her young people. Katherine

Scott was conscious that she could not help by any direct approach ; but preparations were on foot for a Fancy Dress Ball, and she threw herself into these with all her great resourcefulness and her keen sense of fun. Then, when the young people saw her unaffected interest and skill in the pursuits that interested them, they gave her their confidence spontaneously.

This was but a special case of another guiding principle—*always take an interest in other people's work*. Her sister, Deaconess Mary Scott, who worked for many years at Kalimpong on the North-east frontier of India, and was later the only British missionary in the little mountain state of Sikkim, found that she could write to Katherine about her work, and her problems in dealing with individuals, as to no one else. Though their spheres were so far apart, Katherine's penetration and trained power of understanding enabled her to send replies containing the most pertinent, valuable advice. "My Indian folk and her folk," Deaconess Mary Scott records, "were all real living people—never 'cases'."

Psychology in its more practical applications interested her deeply ; and her power of reading character and anticipating the intentions of those

with whom she dealt, at times seemed almost uncanny. "You're a witch," was an unconventional compliment which she once received. This power was largely due to her habitual study of human nature and of the reasons behind word or action. She would use times of illness to study books or articles bearing on her work, which she lacked opportunity to read when she was actively occupied. Lastly, she tried to be always ready to act as soon as any call came; and she was a firm believer in *Prayer*, but also believed strongly in *Commonsense* as a power given to be used in the highest service.

Her gift of reading the thoughts and understanding the difficulties of others, and her union of psychological insight with strong and clear religious faith, united to produce a rare power of bringing hope to her friends who had fallen into depression. This is a subject which one may not pursue far, since the intimate story of lives which she was enabled to help must remain a sealed and sacred book. But her detachment from self, as well as her power of helping others, was shown in one of the last intervals of her long illness, when, though not confined to her room, she was still suffering great pain. She met for a single evening

one who had been forced by a breakdown in health to resign an arduous post in a trying climate, and had returned home with shaken nerve not seeing how to begin life over again. In such a case her insight and sympathy immediately brought the first ray of hope and made the hard future seem not impossible.

That incident came later ; but during her crowded years in Hawick and Edinburgh there were others who owed her the like debt. And all her friends felt the gift of a contact, at once stimulating and perfectly natural. Her interest in her fellows was unaffected, and she never tried to force a confidence : she waited till her friends laid bare their discouragements and difficulties, when she was ready with clear-cut, bracing counsel. Looking back on those years, words like " So vivid, so life-giving," " a most gallant spirit," come to their lips ; but perhaps the epithet that has been most often used to express her peculiar characteristic is ' vital.' Whatever her surroundings or the level of her always limited physical strength, she was essentially alert and alive ; and all who came to know her realised that her life must be sustained by hidden springs. A friend who had spent strenuous years in a field of

social work not dissimilar to her own wrote of her, "We shall miss her far more than I can as yet realise from the ranks of the workers, for her personality always seemed so far above all the petty annoyances and the drudgery, that they seemed to fade away to the background when she was there." Another fellow-worker said, "To us, who met her in her work, she always brought such radiance of personality that one felt the power of the dedicated life behind"; and yet another, who saw her less often, said, "she always made me think of beautiful unseen realities—no matter how prosaic or sordid might be the facts under discussion, her spirit was clad in garments white and glistening."

IV.

THE LAST TWO YEARS—1926-1928.

THE work of which some aspects have been described—and described only in part—had been carried through with unfailing spirit and unfailing love. New avenues had been opened, and new possibilities made known. But the cost to the worker had been very great. It is true that her health was, on the whole, better during the ten years following 1914 than at any earlier time. In spite of more than one absence due to illness, her tasks had been relatively little interrupted; and her achievement, both in the amount accomplished and in its wonderful quality, amazed the few who realised how limited were her physical reserves and how much she often suffered. But to others, who knew her less intimately, these things were disguised by the fresh colouring which she never lost, and still more by the elasticity

of her spirit, and by the energy with which that spirit endowed her outward frame.

Yet the drain on her strength was heavy, and from 1924 onward it showed signs of flagging; and even her sister's unobtrusive but ever-watchful care could only postpone the day when the reservoir became exhausted. Hard as the work in Hawick had been, that in Edinburgh made new and more exacting demands. One or two of these are touched on in the brief paper on "The Romance of Home Missions" (p. 126). The tenement stairs in the great city were longer and steeper than those in the Border town; there were more frequent night calls; above all, her Court work absorbed a much larger part of her time, and there were long hours when she had to stand beside a witness in the exhausted and exhausting atmosphere of the Courts, in order to maintain the courage of some trembling girl and help her to face the ordeal of giving evidence. There was also another class of case, all too common—that dealing with child assault. "It is the practice here," she wrote in 1925, "always to have a woman present during these cases; as a matter of fact, I usually do it myself, and stand beside the children when they are in the witness-box."

What that duty, often repeated, must have meant to one of Katherine Scott's fine nature and quick sympathy each reader may estimate for himself.

Her essentially healthy and constructive mind, which always dealt on the things that help to intensify life, would have shrunk from a record of growing physical weakness and of the persistence with which, after every partial recovery, the enemy appeared in a new and more menacing form. So much only must be told of the history of her last eighteen months as will make clear how her spirit, which had till now grown in dignity through heroic effort, attained new heights in resisting bodily pain, and how she conquered the yet more penetrating mental pain of giving up a form of work which to others would have been in itself a penance.

As early as 1924 there were warning signs that her strength was overtaxed, and towards the end of the year she wrote to her sister in Sikkim telling how she had been prevented through illness from sending off the gift which she had planned to procure for Christmas. The letter went on: "It is only one of quite a lot of things I planned to do which have had to be put aside—I wonder why? How often we say, 'Why?

Oh, why? ' through life, don't we? It seems so odd one shouldn't be allowed to do things when one meant them for others' good and pleasure, but He sees that other ways are best. . . . You, however, have the consolation and cheer that you are bearing the torch aloft in a lone land for His sake and showing others to Him, while I, apparently, am doing no good to any one, sitting here practically idle."

During the year 1925 Katherine Scott carried on her work ; but during the following year there were several breaks, and in the autumn a prolonged rest became essential. Meanwhile she continued to make new friends, and among them Dr and Mrs J. R. Rees of Harrow. It was by Dr Crichton Miller, who had helped her greatly at San Remo fifteen years earlier, that she was introduced to his younger colleague ; and thereafter she was often at Harrow, sometimes at Bowden House, a private hospital carried on by the two doctors jointly, and on more than one occasion as a guest of Dr and Mrs Rees in their own home. With them she found many points of contact. Dr Rees was more than a skilled physician; more than an expert in psycho-therapy, in which she had for long been deeply interested.

He and his wife, who was also a doctor, had both in earlier days been ardent members of the Student Christian Movement ; and Katherine Scott found in them friends who shared her own wide outlook on religious questions and social needs.

Soon after she went south to avoid the rigorous and toilsome Edinburgh winter, she was asked to help in organising a matinee in His Majesty's Theatre in aid of the Tavistock Square Clinic for Functional Nervous Disorders, a work in which she had taken a warm interest since it was founded by Dr Crichton Miller and Dr Rees. At once she became the moving spirit of the whole. Men and women of the most various interests and temperaments—medical, artistic, and dramatic—were concerned in the preparations for the matinee, and business questions of a kind quite new to her came up for instant decision. But so quick was her grasp, so keen her interest in the strangely assorted band of helpers, and so sure and humorous her touch in dealing with them and securing effective team work from them, that not only was there an entire absence of friction, but the whole venture proved a triumphant success.

After this brief but happy excursion into a new field of activity, she was advised that a more

complete change was needed, and that a winter in Switzerland gave the best promise of restored health. So the hard decision was now faced, and she resigned her double position as Secretary of the Church of Scotland Social Work Committee and as a Probation Officer. In November 1926 her official whistle and chain were returned to the Chief Constable of Edinburgh, and her resignation drew forth a sheaf of letters, which followed her to Montreux, and from which some sentences have already been quoted. These did something to mitigate the pain of withdrawal from the work in which she had so lavishly spent herself, and some months after they were followed by one signed, "Sister Joseph, Sister of Charity," which told how she was missed in the Police Court by her Roman Catholic colleague. "You have your turn of ill-health truly," the letter said, "but this is the manner we are told that God treats His best friends." It concluded with the kindly advice, "Take all the fresh air and rest possible, so that you will come back strong and robust ready to start again."

For a time after Katherine Scott reached the shores of the Lake of Geneva she stayed with Mrs and Miss Southwell, who were old friends,

and she steadily gained strength. Then a fresh trouble appeared which threw her back, and the hard ascent had again to begin. She wrote from a clinic at Glion, above Montreux, on 3rd February 1927: "My heart went on strike, so I had to take life very easily once more. Fortunately for me, when I was once more laid up, we began having better weather, and I have been able, especially these last ten days, to lie out on my balcony and roast in the sunshine. . . . One never gets tired of feasting on the wonderful views. . . . There is such a glorious sunset as I write, all red and gold behind the Jura, and just over the Grammont a lovely crescent moon and two beautiful stars have appeared in a clear sky." These views, and most of all that of the Dent du Midi, with its sharply serrated ridges and gleaming snows rising far above the blue waters of the lake, were a never-failing solace, as were the flowers. In the garden at Mertoun there had been great banks of blue gentians; and no gift that Katherine Scott's friends could now bring her was so highly valued as a wild gentian from the slopes above Glion. Other interests were also strong; and the letter just quoted speaks of the pleasure she had gained from reading and lending

Stanley Jones' book, 'The Christ of the Indian Road,' while another letter describes the same view, and adds that a lady in an upper room was "playing Bach quite gloriously. . . . Isn't that a wonderful combination of lovely things?"

Among the friends whom she made during this winter were her physician, M. le docteur Revilliod, and his wife, a daughter of that great patriot-statesman, President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia; and a young Scots minister and his wife, Dr and Mrs Cumming Thom. The Swiss doctor and the Presbyterian minister were both impressed, from their different points of view, with the same characteristic. The former writes: "Indeed, it was a hard trial for Miss Katherine Scott, who was entirely devoted to the good of others, when she had to face severe physical disabilities, and to accept, what was for her the hardest sacrifice, being inactive—stop being useful to others. . . . I could see that her resignation was not a negative or passive resignation, but a constructive one, in the sense that in her inevitable inactivity she was keeping her mind and heart open to the good of others." Dr Thom's impression was similar: "I can remember my first visit to her at the Clinique at Florimont—usually a sick person is in a recep-

tive attitude, but I felt at once the impact of her personality, and in a few moments I was receiving from her buoyant radiant spirit."

Later, as her health improved, she was able to attend the little Scottish Church at Montreux, and found the services there a very real help. But before this was possible, her thoughts were always travelling back to her work in Scotland ; and her new friend was conscious in his talks with her that, even when her bodily suffering was acute, the real burden on her mind was quite other—the fear that her withdrawal might lessen the support given to the mission in which she had spent all her strength. Then the idea occurred to her that the people of the Scottish Churches ought to have its real nature and claims vividly brought before them. So Dr Thom and she herself, working in collaboration, fashioned certain of her recollections into three articles. Names were changed, indications of place disguised, and in one or two cases a composite picture was produced from two real incidents. But substantially these articles record the actual experiences of Katherine Scott herself. Hence the following section of this book, in which they are reproduced, gives a more life-like picture of her work than

that which has gone before.¹ These three short papers stand forth alike as a memorial to her and as a challenge to the Kirk in Scotland.

As spring approached she was joined by her youngest niece, who had left Girton a few months before, and a little later by her sister Mary, proceeding homeward on furlough from Sikkim. The two sisters, who had worked with equal enterprise and courage in spheres so widely separated, and their younger companion found much to discuss and much to arouse their sense of fun. Katherine had always been noted for her power of drawing young people round her: most of their fellow-residents in the pension at Montreux to which they had now moved were not young, but so strong was her attractive power that her companions had to resort to stratagem in order to rescue her from her admirers in "the Aviary," as she called it, at the hour when her doctor had decreed that her day should end.

¹ These articles appeared in the 'Scots Observer,' to whose editor, as to the Rev. W. Cumming Thom, Ph.D., thanks are due for their appearance here in permanent form. Katherine Scott wished them to appear over the initials 'P.C.W.' (Police Court Worker), and that entitled "The Tenement Stair" did so. "The Open Door" appeared under her own name after her death. (See pp. 103-125 below.)

What they did to brighten the hours of these often desolate folk was shown when one of them, a widow, was leaving the pension, for she took the hands of both sisters in succession, and with tears running down her cheeks said, " You have taught me how to laugh again." Katherine could now herself go in search of her beloved gentians, as a letter to Dr and Mrs Thom records after they had returned home. It also speaks with enthusiasm of their boy of a year old, " the adorable Alistair, the little smile-bearer " ; and, as she contemplates her own return, the familiar cry of the exiled Scot breaks in : " It will be fine to get a breath o' the North Sea and hear my ain tongue again."

After a few days at Harden she returned to Edinburgh for three weeks, and was encouraged to find her former work going steadily forward under Miss Haldane. Her friends, too, were glad that her strength seemed to be re-established in an encouraging degree, although she could not yet face full and continuous work. The summer of 1927 was persistently cold and wet, but one week of glorious sunshine was granted to Edinburgh—by good fortune the week in mid-July which the King and Queen spent at Holyrood

Palace. Katherine Scott was able to attend the garden party there, and enjoyed to the full meeting many friends in that historic spot, backed by the grand line of the Salisbury Crags. On another afternoon she went with her sister Liliass and other friends to a Pageant of scenes from the history of Edinburgh acted beneath the towering ruin of Craigmillar Castle. The procession of cars taking visitors towards the scene of the pageant moved slowly, and after the parking place was reached half a mile more had to be covered on foot. Police were on duty every few yards, and Katherine Scott's companions noted how she received a welcoming smile from one after another of her friends in the Force. Little did they think that, as they motioned her party forward on this brilliant afternoon, they were in fact bidding her farewell.

At the end of July she returned to Harrow, and took up duty for a month as temporary Warden of Bowden House. Phrases already quoted from her letters have shown how eager she was to be at work for the work's sake; and a more practical consideration reinforced this eagerness, for she possessed strongly the traditional Scottish love for "the glorious privilege of

being independent." One day she was cheered by an unexpected visit from her Swiss physician, Dr Revilliod, and all such cheer was needed, for she confessed afterwards that the physical strain had been severe. But all went smoothly, as things were wont to go under her direction, and at the end of the month she received hearty thanks for what she had done. The hope of Dr and Mrs Rees that this temporary work might be a first step towards some occupation less exacting than rescue work was not realised; and this proved to be her last task, except that she asked if any piece of work for the Tavistock Square clinic which could be done from a sickroom should be brought to her.

In September an operation—by no means the first—became necessary, and was successfully carried out, but left her weak and suffering, and made it clear that the possibility of returning to regular work was further off than she had hoped. "Pain and fatigue," she wrote to Mrs Thom, "are ill crosses to bear somehow when one is made with feelings and desires to be up and doing." In October she was able to move about and see various friends in London, but then the final phase of her illness began. There had been

some threat of spinal weakness in her childhood, and now the mysterious disease which had taken various forms developed into spinal arthritis. The last weeks of the year she spent at Harrow, lying on her back and often in great pain, but devotedly tended by Dr and Mrs Rees in their own home. Her old gallantry and even gaiety of spirit still shone forth. She had never lost her love of nature, and her intimate knowledge of things out-of-doors had already formed a bond with the last of her many child friends, the five-year-old daughter of the house, whose visits brought her the greatest cheer.

It was characteristic that young people, who would have avoided another sickroom, sought admission to hers, and Mrs Rees said afterwards that it was "less a sickroom than a salon." When the present writer heard this phrase, his mind travelled back over more than thirty years to another sickroom where the sense of grave illness was completely lost in the victory of an unconquerable spirit over mortal pain—that of Henry Drummond at Tunbridge Wells. Katherine Scott resembled Drummond in the winning and natural, yet intense, character of her religion, in the power of 'spiritual diagnosis,' and of bringing

sick souls back to health, in the resolve to point the Church towards new paths of social service ; and finally, in the unfaltering courage which found in a lingering and terrible illness the opportunity for a new revealing of the love that triumphs in and over pain. Of her life, too, it might be said, as a friend said to Drummond's biographer, that one cannot "write the history of a frag-
rance."

One of the friends who found their way to Harrow was Dr Norman Maclean, who was then Moderator of the Church of Scotland. His visit brought great comfort to Katherine Scott, and on his return he said he felt as if he were returning from a Communion service. He wrote to her on 19th December :—

"You did me far more good than I you. I came away feeling how wonderful we poor mortals are, and what reserves of power we have to meet the trials of this life.

"I always admired your pluck and spirit. You seemed to me like a soldier of another day ready for any crusade. And you went on your way with the air of that joyousness which is the true note of those who serve. And now that you are wounded and crippled (only temporarily, I hope),

your spirit has not deserted you. And it won't fail you, for its fountain lies high among the everlasting hills of God.

"Yesterday morning I preached on 'That we might have hope' (Romans xv. 4). Our hope reposes on certain facts that Jesus revealed—that God reigns; that He is our Father; that the redeemed are a brotherhood whom He cannot forsake; that death is swallowed up in victory. That is the perennial fountain of hope. . . .

"I am glad that you are in such good hands. Christmas won't be wae when you are begirt with so much love and goodness.

"This is just to bid you to be of good cheer. He who gave us the Son will with Him freely give us all things."

So Christmas passed, and soon after it became necessary to move the patient to a hospital in Maida Vale, and later to the Nursing Home at 56 Hallam Street, W., where her last days were spent. A friend who had known her for sixteen years, Mrs Crichton Miller, spent a long morning with her the day before she left Harrow, and afterwards wrote, "I never saw her so wonderful and so bright, and she looked about twenty-three!" Towards the end of January, a consultation be-

tween her doctors showed that a more extensive operation than any she had yet undergone had become advisable. Dr Wilson and Mr Robert Milne, the surgeon who had now been called in, had good hope of its success, and the alternative was the life of a complete and chronic invalid. When this was laid before her, she deliberately chose to face the ordeal, strengthened by her reliance on her thoughtful and skilled physicians and on a power higher than theirs. In facing her own pain and the sorrow of others she had been "ever a fighter"; now she braced herself for "one fight more, the last and the best." She was surrounded by all possible care and skill when the operation was performed. At first it was judged successful, but her strength was too far spent to sustain the shock; and twenty-four hours later, on 27th January 1928, she passed peacefully away. Her sister Mary had returned to India, but her other three sisters were all gathered round her. When one of them afterwards thanked a nurse who had cared for her devotedly, the reply came simply, "We had her for three weeks." That was reward enough.

Four days later a company of those who had loved her gathered in the winter sunshine to lay

her broken body to rest in the peace of the secluded churchyard by Humble Water, a mile from her brother's home. In the church they sang her favourite psalm, "The Lord's my Shepherd," her favourite hymn, "Souls of men, why will ye scatter," and the Scots paraphrase, "How bright these glorious spirits shine," and, led by Dr Maclean, joined in thanksgiving for "the many gifts bestowed upon her; for her faith, her courage, and her joyous spirit . . . for the love wherewith Thou didst inspire her; for her zeal to seek and save the lost; and for all whose feet she guided back home to Thee."

Dr Maclean then said: "I desire to express our sense of loss in the passing of our dear Sister Katherine, ere we commit her body to its last earthly resting place. She early gave herself to her Master's service, and prepared herself for that service. She found her sphere when she was appointed the representative of the Church of Scotland, acting as Court Sister, concerned to help girls and women who, through ill-guided courses, came into the hands of the Magistrates in Edinburgh. There she worked with zeal and devotion until her strength failed. She had many strange requests sent to her. One came from

Glasgow, written on a scrap of paper, "Find Mary," and after a three days' search she found Mary and restored her to her mother. She found many such, for whom to-day the light is dim because she is called hence. She worked with all her strength and with all her love to reclaim the lost. In every girl and woman she saw a sister in Christ, and gave them all a sister's love. She had the secret which alone makes it possible to save—she gave herself. The world is poorer because she is gone.

"But death could not end a life such as hers. She is carrying on. She has nobler and greater tasks to do. Her venturesome spirit is carrying on. No difficulty ever daunted her on earth; she will not be daunted there.

"We do not praise her; she would not like to be praised. We only humbly ask God that we may be inspired to follow in her footsteps."

Her grave is near that of her brother Henry, who passed on a few months before her, and close to the stone which commemorates the sacrifice of her nephew, Alec Scott, whose dust lies in an unknown and unmarked grave in France. To this spot in the summer that followed there came, bringing gifts of flowers, women whose feet she

had rescued from the mire and set upon the firm rock of life and hope. One came from Edinburgh, and another brought a little child from beyond the Lammermoors. But beside these two fitting and heartfelt tributes—her minister's words and her grateful friends' flowers—there is room and need for a third tribute, the tribute of deeds. This can only be fully rendered in the day when the united Church in Scotland, for whose coming she waited, but in whose earthly fellowship and worship it was not given her to join, sets itself with faith and prayer to carry on and carry further the work which the Master gave her to do.

Baron von Hügel has said that, in the best teaching of the Roman Catholic Church, only those are regarded as having attained to complete sainthood who add to their heroic virtue "the note of expansive joy." On such a note the life of this Protestant saint ended, for before the last critical operation, Katherine Scott gave to the sister with whom she had been so closely united a sealed letter, to be opened only if she passed away. Among its sentences were these :—

"Life has held a lot of illness and pain in it for me, but that is all outweighed by the mar-

vellous love of all who have surrounded me, family and friends, the latter of all classes. I can never give thanks enough for that. It's been amazing. . . .

"Once when I was in sore trouble and things felt very dark at Harrow, I went to church with them"—Dr and Mrs Rees—"and you, and we had the hymn 'My heart is resting, O my God,' and the words—

'I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.'

These words have helped me through many a weary difficult day, and when you read this I shall be in 'the heritage of joy' that is being kept for me, and where we shall meet again."

ASPECTS OF HER WORK

V.

THE OPEN DOOR.

THE mid-day chimes from the Cathedral tower were still flinging their melody over the city when a slim figure, dressed in a quiet business-like costume, passed quickly along the mean street which opened from the Cathedral square and turned into the doorway of Joe Beattie's 'farmed-out' house, an institution well known to sailors and others as well as to the police. Slipping quickly through the lobby and past the first floor, where dwelt the redoubtable Joe, the Rescue Sister made for the upper floor, a dismal array of five rooms which were let at the rate of eighteenpence per person per night to such ladies as might require them.

Mid-day was the most suitable time for calling on Joe's boarders, for prostitution—this is a true story, so let us not be mealy-mouthed—is a late

or all-night profession, and the forenoons are usually given over to sleep. A knock at one door produced no answer; a knock at a second was rewarded by the vision of a young man who muttered something about his wife being out and quickly disappeared; it was only at the third essay that a young girl came dashing out, seized the visitor by the waist, and ushered her tumultuously into what was evidently the parlour for the day.

On the one table in the small room sat two girls, aged eighteen or thereby, whose tousled heads and scanty attire spoke of a very recent desertion of bed; on the one chair sprawled another, who quickly made way for the visitor; and by the fireplace two presided over a large frying-pan, for Joe's terms did not include fires, and it was customary to light only one at a time.

"I'm looking for a girl called Annie Melville," announced the Rescue Sister, giving a full and detailed description, and having received the assurance from several shrill voices that such a person was not at Joe's—as, indeed, was scarcely likely, for she existed only in the seeker's imagination,—sat down to talk, declining, however, to share the excellent breakfast of beef-steaks and

eggs which was tipped from the sizzling pan into a communal dish on the table.

Conversation ranged from a heated discussion between Edith, the hostess, and a fiery-headed Bessie as to the comparative value of the Post Office corner and Leeds Avenue as a 'beat,' to the high-pitched relation by a third of an exciting adventure in dodging the police, which latter aroused numerous questions directed to the Sister as to the fate of those who had been caught.

But she answered the light jests in a deeper tone that for a moment brought a note of reality into that curious company, and as she rose to leave the eyes of the Sister were always returning to a lonely figure by the window, the figure of a girl who at the visitor's entrance had looked round once and had immediately turned away, though not quickly enough to hide a pair of big blue eyes and the slightly vacant, yet frightened, expression on a pinched white face; and it was only of that one, obviously a novice at the game, that the Sister thought as she passed on to another of her pastoral visits.

It was a week later that the letter came *via* the Church Social Committee to their worker, a long letter from the minister of a Highland parish

with the details of a young girl who had left her situation in the Lowlands and who had last been seen on the main road asking from passing lorries a lift to the city—"and she has blue eyes and fair hair and looks a wee bit soft," a description, poor as it was, that sent the Sister hurrying towards Cathedral Square.

It was six o'clock, another good hour for calling, and at the first knock the parlour door was flung open, and Edith appeared vigorously brushing her hair. In the corner before the dresser, slowly removing her curl pins, sat the object of her quest, quiet enough at first, but suddenly galvanised into wild surprise at the almost casual remark, "Do you know, Jeanie Macintosh, that your father has been looking for you?"

Passionate denial of her identity followed, and then quiet sobbing, while Edith urged her into a shabby navy skirt and thin jumper which contrasted painfully with her own more flashy garb.

The Rescue Sister might be a good friend to have, especially in Court, but the elder girl had no desire to lose her young protégé, whose earnings for the past month she had unscrupulously purloined as a fee for services rendered.

Suddenly, however, the door was flung open,

and red-haired Bessie, dashing in, raided the dresser and retired amid shrieks of mirth from the passage with the mirror in one hand and Edith's powder-puff in the other, vigorously pursued by the shrill-voiced owner.

At once the Sister rose and, grasping Jeanie by the wrists, gazed deep into her staring eyes, and said in a steady level voice, " You're coming with me, Jeanie, and I'll take you out of here. Get your things together, and if anything happens hold on to me." Then turning to the victorious Edith as she entered, added, " Jeanie's coming with me to-night."

There was a moment's silence while Edith took in the situation, blazing with anger at the loss of future revenue, and weighing the possibilities of a scene ; but the sight of the quiet figure in blue bending over to wrap Jeanie's few possessions in a paper parcel gave her pause, so quickly finishing her toilette she passed out to the streets, flinging behind her at the door a curiously good-humoured " Good luck t'ye."

Scylla was past, but Charybdis still loomed ahead.

Joe had had fixed to the bottom of the stair a large door fitted with heavy bolts for use in

such emergencies as police visits and attempted escapes by defaulting boarders. When the Sister entered the door was open, but now as the two descended with the utmost caution they were dismayed to find every bolt shot home and escape cut off.

A rapid reconnaissance revealed that the hinges and bolts were rusty and likely to cause sufficient uproar to attract the human watch-dog below, but there was no other exit, so the Sister began slowly to work the first heavy bar back into its socket, and that accomplished without noise, secured the second also. But at the squeak of the hinges heavy steps were heard. Realising that not a moment was to be lost, the Sister whispered, "Run," and dashed along the passage with Jeanie at her heels, catching a glimpse as she passed of the heavy-browed bully emerging from the kitchen lair.

A volley of oaths followed the fugitives, for this was the second time that the same trick had been played on him, but Joe knew better than to cross his own threshold, and in a moment the gloom of the street had swallowed up his quarry.

Three days in the Rescue Shelter—an ordinary and homely private residence in a good quarter

of the city—worked wonders with the terrified simple Highland girl, and the fear in her eyes slowly faded.

Her story was an interesting one.

From the kitchen window of her country situation she had watched the 'buses and charabancs racing towards the city until she became obsessed with the idea of running away and finding work there, surely, as she imagined, an easy thing to obtain among so many houses.

Finally she had carried her plan into effect only to find after a day's wandering that no one took the slightest interest in her, and that no one would take a servant without a reference.

When darkness fell she found herself at a street corner where many young girls were passing to and fro, apparently friendly with the whole world, so hesitatingly she approached one solitary loiterer and asked where she could find a bed. Edith—for it was she—took her 'home' to Joe's, where she had paid for her first night's lodging, and on the second night, her money being finished, she had been told very clearly by her rescuer of the only way in which she could earn more.

"It was hell," said Jeanie for the twentieth time to the Sister, who had looked in on her.

usual afternoon round to see how her latest friend was progressing. "It was hell," she said again, and after years of rescue work her companion could offer no better description.

Suddenly there came a knock at the reception room door, and a trim maid entered. "A—a gentleman to see you, Miss," and the Sister went out to the corridor to meet an extraordinary figure which approached her.

He was well over six feet, clad in thick tweeds and wearing enormous boots, but it was his face that riveted attention, his long white beard, his tanned and wrinkled cheeks, his blue eyes that looked through and beyond his immediate surroundings, these and a long crooked staff that reached to his shoulder.

"Mr Macintosh, I think," remarked the Sister, well pleased at the result of her letter to the north.

"Yes," he replied in a soft deep voice, "I wass come to take her home. Her mother iss"—he got no further, for a slight figure had appeared in the doorway.

"Father!"

"Jeanie, my Jeanie!"

The Sister quietly left the reunited pair.

The last scene in this modern tale of the prodigal

was played out that same evening on the platform of the north-going train. They were a strange but happy group, Jeanie clinging to her father, the Rescue Sister seeing to the comfort of the two, and the tall great-hearted shepherd leaning his two hands on his great staff and gazing into the far cavernous depths of the echoing station. He had never been south of Inverness before, and to be prepared for all emergencies he had brought his staff and all his savings, and had kept his taxi waiting at the Shelter gate, expecting to find a return train immediately. Just as the whistle blew, the Sister stretched up to the window and said, "You don't know what a fine thing you are doing, Mr Macintosh, and how cruelly seldom it is done—keeping the home door open for the wanderer." And his reply was one that might well serve as a slogan to rouse the Church to a new crusade at home, "The weak lambs of the flock need the most love and care."

VI.

THE TENEMENT STAIR.

It is just an ordinary staircase, one of a thousand in the slum heart of a great city. Ten minutes' walk from Parade Street will bring you to it; along a broad thoroughfare that peters out from great shops to tall tenements, through a meaner street whose entire needs seem to be met by licensed grocers and public-houses, and finally sharp to your left down a sloping cobbled lane, once an aristocratic quarter, whose houses lean heavily on the grimy twenty-foot factory wall that prevents further progress towards the river. In the shadow of the wall you will find it. Push your way through the gang of ragged foul-mouthed urchins who block the gloomy entry, and in the utter darkness revealed by the ever-open door you will sense it, five flights of it, with six red doors on each landing, and at least one family

behind each—count the doors yourself, if you have an electric torch and can endure the stench of the open lavatories—the road to home for some hundred and fifty human beings, the playground of a hundred children, the boudoir of young women, the lounge for young men, and as active and successful a school of vice in all its forms as you might find in the whole world.

Suddenly the end door on the third landing was flung violently open, and a little rat-faced man appeared, dragging by the hair a stunted girl of fourteen whose physical development was that of a child of ten, and whose faded pink woollen jumper and sagging brown skirt showed signs of recent rough usage. “Out ye go, ye b——, and bide out till ye find it,” and with that the door of her home was banged viciously behind her, while Hannah sat down on the stair to discover a way out of her present predicament.

It was a difficult situation. Coming home from school to help her mother with the week-old baby, she had been given a two-shilling piece wherewith to purchase a pint of milk, some chips, and her father’s nightly allowance of beer, and while dallying with the other youngsters in the entry, she had lost or been deprived of the coin. Her

father had returned after an unsuccessful day's work—he had once been a painter but now leaned on the factory gate-post and earned a fluctuating reward as a bookie's runner—and with righteous indignation had ejected her, not that he had any hope of her finding the money, but simply to clear her out of his sight while he smoked a sullen pipe to kill the cravings of hunger. Nor had his first-born any hope of succouring the three younger ones, whose demands for food had suddenly ceased with the exit of their sister. Hannah might be at school the most consistent occupier of the bottom place in class, but her knowledge of human life as a struggle for existence was profound. The life of Katie, the sole occupant of the room across the passage, who had given up her work at the factory and had bought fine clothes and a hat, was to her an open book ; she had been present at a dozen births, and had gazed fascinated on a score of dead faces : and the most fearful joy in her life had come to her one night when she peered over the stair to watch " The Serjeant-Major "—the proprietor of the local crown-and-anchor board—smash his way through a locked door and stab a woman whose sole error had been her declared intention to free herself from his

clutches and spend her immoral earnings on herself. Money was not easy to come by, nodded Hannah to herself, as she rose to her feet, and the future held only a night spent in the park and perhaps a 'piece' from Katie in the morning.

The street when she reached it resounded with cries and hurrying feet, and her heart leaped again with a joyful thought. Mag would be home soon, for the factory was out, and Mag was her heroine, her ideal, her Joan of Arc. The leader of the female gang on the stair, she was a cunning foxy-eyed waif of sixteen whose triumphs included a night spent in prison, and only a fortnight before Hannah had in her company paid her first visit to the pictures on the contents of a neighbour's penny-in-the-slot meter which Mag had shown her how to open by means of a flattened teaspoon. Mag would not fail her. And Mag when she heard the story responded nobly. "Wait a minute till I tak' this hame," she shrilled in her piping voice, waving a paperful of 'potted-heid,' "and I'll be wi' ye"; and in ten minutes the two were heading for the great shops, the elder explaining *en route* the plan of campaign. At a suitable door they halted to examine with others the garments displayed outside, and while Hannah, according

to instructions, blocked the view from within, Mag deftly removed a jumper and swept it under her coat. In another five minutes a pawnbroker had with many a grumble lent five shillings on it, and the two were on their way back to the stair, each with a florin which, as Hannah explained to her mother, she had earned by helping in the school in place of a regular cleaner who was ill.

That night was the beginning of a new life for the novice in crime. Mag, discovering her deftness and adaptability, had adopted her as her special protégé, and now it was Hannah who removed the garments from shop-doors, and even from the counters of the great stores, while once a woman whose hand-bag had sprung open presented her with the opportunity of slipping in her hand and removing a purse with nearly a pound of change in it. The pictures were now almost a regular feature, while to her ailing mother she had presented a scarf and to the infant, to eke out its one garment, a flannel night-gown, she had brought home a splendid shawl—gifts, as she put it, from the old sweetie-wife whose shop-door she cleaned every evening. She was beginning to love money, to love the feel of it, while her original terror of being caught was fading before her continued

success. Slowly, too, a glorious plan was forming in her mind, a plan which, when she suggested, was taken up most heartily by her mentor. She had noticed that every night the old shop-woman, for whom she worked, would count the day's drawings into a tobacco tin which she carried through and placed somewhere in a cupboard in the back room, and that by the end of the week the tin was full. Why not purloin the tin, make for the station, and clear out to that other city whose streets were paved with gold? There was another incentive, too, in the assiduous attentions of a man whom her father was in the habit of bringing home, attentions at which all that was still good in her cried out in abhorrence. The night was fixed, and Mag was waiting at the corner of the street. At nine o'clock as usual the old woman tottered across the road for her nightly gin. It was the work of a moment for Hannah, left in charge, to dash to the cupboard, push aside the concealing provisions, and seize the box; it was the hardest of luck—or the mercy of God, as you like to put it—that the sweetie-wife returned for her purse to pay her weekly 'whack' and met her in the door.

It was in the police station that the Rescue Sister found her, a wild-eyed defiant yet terrified

child whose easy-money world had crashed about her ears. Her employer, the money being safe, refused to lodge a charge, and the police might have washed their hands of her, but instead a phone call was put through to the Rescue Shelter. An hour's talk changed the waif from fear to friendliness, and she poured out the whole story, of Mag and the shop-lifting, and the conditions at home, while the Sister in turn spoke of another life, a life in the country in a voluntary training home for domestic service, a life that was heaven in comparison, with its intervals of games and gardening and Girl Guiding, until at last Hannah consented somewhat dubiously to give this new life a trial.

Is there need to tell more? Of the return home of a subdued Hannah, piloting up the stair her new-found friend, of the interview with the parents, beginning on the father's side in blistering oaths and dying away to acquiescence, of the week's wait till the school session was over, of the journey out through green fields and sleepy villages, of the two years' training, till a Hannah transformed in body, mind, and spirit went out to her first situation in a country manse? It is a heavenly thought to rejoice that the Church

through its rescue workers has saved one soul—for this is a true story—and even a dozen or two like Hannah, but there are myriads still untouched. Still that open entry gapes like the mouth of hell for its victims, still that stair winds up into echoing odorous night, creator and cloak of sin, symbol of a thousand others. And until the public conscience is reached and taught, the Church will remain as it is now, the field ambulance that can but rescue a few broken fragments.

VII.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

“GUILTY.”

It was the verdict every one expected, but there was a sigh of disappointment from some hearts, that it was followed by no recommendation to mercy. Still the sympathy of the court was not with the prisoner; the unnaturalness of her crime stood out the more harshly by the side of her hard immovability and obstinate silence. . . .

The stillness was less intense until the judge put on his black cap and the chaplain in his canonicals was observed behind him. . . . The judge spoke: “Hetty Sorrel.” The blood rushed to Hetty’s face, and then fled back again as she looked up at the judge and kept her wide-open eyes fixed on him as if fascinated by fear. But at the words, “and then to be hanged by the neck till you be dead,” a piercing shriek rang through the hall. It was Hetty’s shriek—she had fallen down in a fainting fit, and was carried out of court.

‘Adam Bede’ (100 years ago).

"Case for you this morning, Miss," said the court officer, coming forward to greet the slim figure which had appeared in the open doorway of the court.

The Police Court Sister took the morning list and glanced through it. "Yes?"

"Young girl, pretty as paint, but can't make nothin' of her," went on the officer, marching in front with his keys dangling; "this way, she's in the end cell."

"Good morning," said the Sister, stepping quickly into the dim room as the officer retired. There was a moment's silence; the bowed figure seated on the bed straightened, the dark bobbed head was raised, and a pair of grey eyes, hard and dry, set in a strained white face, gazed searchingly into the face of the new-comer.

"You're going to tell me all about it, and I'm going to help you."

It was the tone more than the words which pierced the surface indifference that had defied the efforts of the police; large tears welled from the eyes that had restrained them for days; and the girl—she was only seventeen—slowly gave her hands into the friendly clasp that was offered.

"It's because of baby," she sobbed, still looking

up into the face of this person who showed no contempt and spoke no hard word, and for a time there was nothing to be heard in the cell but a soft monotone as she who had fallen by the way poured out her heart to one who understood.

It was a tale only too familiar to those who see the under side of life. From a good country home she had come to the city and to the middle-class home of Mrs Smith, who had seen and engaged her during the annual family holiday. The situation was good, and Mrs Smith was a well-meaning woman, with no compunction, however, in "making things go as far as possible." This possible was extended in the case of coal and gas by the liberal 'gift' of compulsory evenings out for the maid, who on any evening after six in any weather would be adjured to "take a walk, but be sure you're in by ten." A well-dressed young fellow rescued her from her lonely walks on hard pavements, supplied the trips to the movies that a maid's wages could not include, and claimed only kisses as his reward.

One evening their "sixpence worth of darkness" proved so absorbing that when Peggy looked at the clock the hands had moved inexorably round from 8 to 10.15; a hurried dash

to 10 Woodville Crescent ended only in vain ringing before a closed door and the harsh voice of her mistress from an upper window, "You can just stay out till morning." Jimmy offered to stay—"an' hoo could I refuse him—a' nicht? I gaed back for my box in the mornin' and found anither place, but there was naebody to help me and when I telt him what wis to happen Jimmy never cam' back. My new mistress put me oot when she discovered, and I found a wee room, and when my money gaed dune I pawned my things—an' then the baby came. I took it up to the same bushes where Jimmy took me and left it, but I couldna rin awa', and I waited aboot on the far side of the hill until a policeman cam' doon and took me. Some chaps playin' football had found baby—and—it was *deid*."

The young head stirred from the Sister's shoulder and despairing eyes looked up for the first time.

"I didna do't, Sister—I—didna—kill . . ."

A knock came to the door, and the court officer entered.

"Time for her, Miss," and the two rose together, the girl swaying until a firm hand under her arm steadied her along the echoing corridor. In five minutes Peggy was back in her cell, to sit—alone

and yet somehow with her head higher—until at mid-day the prison van conveyed her to the main prison to await her trial before the Sheriff. Weary and lonely those seven days were, but at odd moments the weariness lifted at the sound of a light footstep and the loneliness fled away as her one friend stood beside her and spoke of the world outside and the beauty of it and the message in it of the love of God.

At the Sheriff Court the case lasted only twenty minutes—minutes that were yet eternities to the shamed drooping creature in the dock until she saw the Sister seated in the corner of the nearest seat. The charge was concealment of pregnancy—for no one had been told but Jimmy, and he could not be found, his only abode known to the girl he had ruined being the main door of the movies. The evidence was clear, and soon the Judge spoke. “Margaret Stewart.” Two white hands clutched the edge of the dock, and through the roaring in her ears only broken phrases pierced to Peggy’s mind—“guilty of this charge—your ignorance and youth—probation for a year under this lady—life of purity and usefulness”—phrases that swept away that fear of the unknown that had laid hold on her and carried her out of court

into the arms of her who was to be for one year and many another the embodiment of the love that lies in the "strong hands of affection."

The Police Court Sister was making her monthly report to the Church Committee which appointed and supported her, and the group of men and women at the round table listened with understanding sympathy to the reading of a page of life that is but too seldom turned, even by those who seek to live the Gospel of the love of God. The story of Peggy came last, and ended with the reading of a letter she had sent from her new situation in the West, with the postscript, "The flowers here are lovely; they all speak to me of God." And it came to the mind of one at least who knew the writing of George Eliot that the Church in its rescue work had found a more excellent way, a more merciful way, a way nearer to the mind of Him who said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

VIII.

THE ROMANCE OF HOME MISSIONS.

"A Missionary Association." "Missions": what is it these words interpret to us? Don't we at once think of earnest women who have banded themselves together in the endeavour to further Christ's cause in foreign lands in whatever way they can, and "Missions" at once gives us the vision of men and women toiling in schools and hospitals, in busy towns and lonely country districts in the heat of Africa or India, the cold of the Northern regions, of the loneliness of sea-girt islands? What a romance there is about it all, a thrill goes through us as we think of it and all it means. The heroism, the hardships borne; and how eagerly we set to work to help on this great and wondrous work, the bringing of the Good News to those who have never heard it. It is easy to get people interested in Foreign Missions, and

no wonder ; but in the thrill of the romance of it which may have appealed to us very strongly, and while we may be regretting very bitterly that we cannot take a really active part in, don't we sometimes pass over the romance of that other equally important Mission work which lies at our very doors or may be even within our own homes ?

“ Romance ” you say, “ in Home Missions—it sounds so dull.” Is there no romance in helping a child turned adrift in the world at the age of fifteen ? Listen to this : Alice was a little pale-faced Glasgow lassie whose parents were dead, and she was sent to live with her married sister in an East Coast town. Like most slum lassies of that age Alice ran about a good deal with ‘ the boys.’ Presently neighbours brought cruel tales to her sister about Alice’s behaviour. She questioned the ignorant child and terrified her to such an extent she knew not what she was answering ; and then because she thought Alice was pregnant she took the girl one bitterly cold winter’s morning, and without even giving her a coat to keep her warm she put her on a motor lorry going to Edinburgh and told the driver to set her down in the streets, her only word to Alice being “ never to darken her door again.” In the cold rain and mist

of that winter's morning Alice was 'put down' in the streets of Edinburgh. Terrified, not knowing where to go or what might happen to her, she wandered on, sobbing bitterly. Presently a kind-hearted policeman spied the poor little soul and spoke to her. Alice sobbed out her story to him and his indignation was great. He hastened to take her to the nearest police station and provided her with a warm meal and sent for the Police Court Sister. What a trembling terrified child it was the worker found awaiting her, and how she flung herself into the worker's arms when she told her she would take care of her. Alice found a home with us and became a very happy useful little worker. The cruel tongues had told lies about her, and the supposed disgrace for which her sister turned her out was found to be untrue. She stayed with us until she was sufficiently trained, when a situation was found for her; and then when her wages were paid her, to our amazement she sent them to us to help to pay for the outfit we had provided her with. Our Home is home to Alice, and to us it is she turns for help and a welcome. Is there no thrill, no romance, in Home Missions when such a child as Alice is waiting to be helped?

Or again—when a woman of sixty stands in the Police Court bowed down with shame and misery, charged for the first time in her life with being drunk and incapable, is there no romance about stretching out a helping hand to her and offering to “stand by her” in her struggle against the craving for drink? Is there no thrill about helping her to redeem all her pawned belongings, beginning with her wedding-ring, until she has her home nicely furnished again, and she herself is respectably dressed? Or is there none in watching her regain her self-respect and the affection of her children—who had cast her off: until we find her having saved £10, and having a nice family party for Christmas, a thing that had not happened in her home for many a day? Is there no romance in that?

Heroism is required for Foreign Missions. Is there none required of the worker who goes into a house of ill-fame to try and save a young and innocent girl who has been beguiled into it? Who has to stand the anger, the taunting gibes, and the foul talk of the men and women, all more or less drunk, who do their best to influence the girl against you? But the joy when you get that girl away from such awful surroundings and the

gratitude she shows you is more than worth anything you have had to bear. Hardship, we're told, is the lot of Foreign Missions ; is there no hardship in the life of the Home Missionary ? What about the worker who has to go out late at night in cold and wet after a long day's work to tramp the streets looking for a lost girl, looking for lest she become ' lost ' in a more serious way ? Or is it all ease to spend hours on a broiling hot summer's day toiling up and down long stone stairs in the slums where the stench is sickening, and visiting in the homes of people who have forgotten, if they ever knew it, the need for washing ? Is it comfort to sit for hours in a crowded court where the smell of humanity is almost suffocating, and where the evidence is all that is sordid and sad ? In both fields of work there are hardships, in both heroism is required ; but in both is the same romance, the same thrill, and the same sense of satisfaction in endeavouring to help one's fellow-men and the same joy of serving Him.

IX.

CONSECRATION.

(AN ADDRESS GIVEN AT HAWICK.)

I think there are two steps, as it were, in each of our lives. First, the time when we fully realise Christ as our Saviour and let Him into our hearts. That is, taking Him for our own wonderful possession ; but then there is a second step, or there should be, when we come to know that our lives are useless unless we consecrate ourselves entirely to Him, for Him to use as He sees right.

Now, what is this Consecration ? The word means, the act of separating from a common to a sacred use. It is derived from two Latin words meaning “ with holiness.” As some one has expressed it—“ Consecration is the answer of our hearts to the call and claims of Christ. Conquered by His love we give ourselves over to Him, to live

for His glory and to be used in His service." Love is the motive of consecration. If we withhold any part of ourselves we shall be bringing a divided love to Him. We must remember the command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all* thy heart."

What is it that demands this full consecration to Him? I think this is answered by the words of St Paul in II. Corinthians v. 14 and 15: "It is the love of the Christ which compels us, when we reflect that, as one died for all, therefore all died, and that He died for all, so that the living should no longer live for themselves but for Him who died and rose for them." Then we must ever remember that we are His. "For ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's"—and when we reflect on all His wondrous love for us surely we are filled with gratitude and are willing to give Him of our best, our all. Perhaps we feel as if we had nothing worth giving, but He knows just all we have—what talents we possess—even though we or others do not realise it. An expert in mineralogy would be able by just looking at rocks and stones to tell us what gems lay hidden

in them which an inexperienced eye would not discern. So it is with our Lord and our lives, for, as Job says, "His eye seeth every precious thing."

There are many things for us to give, but I cannot speak of them all. I think that our wills are perhaps the most important. The will is the governing faculty, it controls our actions as the helm the ship. It rules as a king in a country. If we want to be truly Christ's we must first give up our will to Him, let Him govern and guide us. The way He leads us may not seem the most pleasant way or the way we would have chosen, and the duties He gives us to do may not seem at all easy ; but if we really let Him use us as He sees right it won't matter if the way be hard or the tasks difficult, for He will be with us and give us the help and strength and courage we need. As Dr Kelman says, "God knows our powers with exact knowledge, and the duty He shall set us will always be well within the limits of these powers."

Many, I think, give themselves up to Him for forgiveness, but not for holiness or service. We are apt to be slow to give up the world and its

so-called pleasures. We somehow get an idea into our heads that to be good means to be dull and have no happiness, when really all the time the only way of making sure of having one's life just brimful of joy and gladness is to give one's self entirely to Christ. It will cost us something to be entirely His and it won't be easy, but as some one has said, "It is only difficult things that are worth doing"; and George Eliot says truly—"It is not true that love makes all things easy: it makes us choose what is difficult." Christ says, "Take my yoke upon you." This being entirely His, this giving up of ourselves, sacrificing ourselves, is part of this yoke. Of course you all know that the yoke is a large and heavy wooden collar, which in Eastern countries is used to harness two animals together. We must remember that it is borne by *two* animals, and so with us; we haven't the whole weight of His yoke to carry, for He takes the greater share of it. We must each strive to say, as good old Samuel Rutherford said, "I think it is a sweet thing that Christ said of my cross 'Half Mine.' Nay, that I and my cross are wholly Christ's."

And if we are willing to consecrate ourselves

to Him, we have the assurance that He is able to keep that which is committed unto Him; and then, too, we shall have a great reward, the greatest any one can have, for we shall have His love, and the joy of the Lord shall be ours, the joy that hath no ending, the love that cannot cease.
